



A Private and Personal Collection
Limited Edition

Presented

For the hell of it
For Laughs and
"Fer Fun"

To

Bob

Ed

One who can take the finer things of life in stride. As one philosopher said, "He who loves not wine, women and song remains a fool his whole life long."

The Three Hats



Being a private collection of favorite lyrics gleaned from the pubs, bistros, Sake dispensaries, dives, gin mills, pup tents, ward rooms, and post exchanges frequented by soldiers, sailors, and airmen during the late and continuing unpleasantness.

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RiNo



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INTRODUCTION . . .

Volume I, Copy 1, of "The Three Hats" was off the press before we discovered we had left out a few songs. And that ain't all.

Volume I, Copy 1, was no sooner off the press than the indignant bleats of our friends and critics pointed out other versions of various songs were the true versions and the ones we had gleaned were the out-pourings of some mental midget who couldn't hold his or her Old Crow long enough to remember the right words.

Another school demanded the music, claiming they could not remember the tunes without a piano assist. This was rebutted by those who claimed they had trouble seeing the book on occasion, let alone music, so what the hell difference did it make.

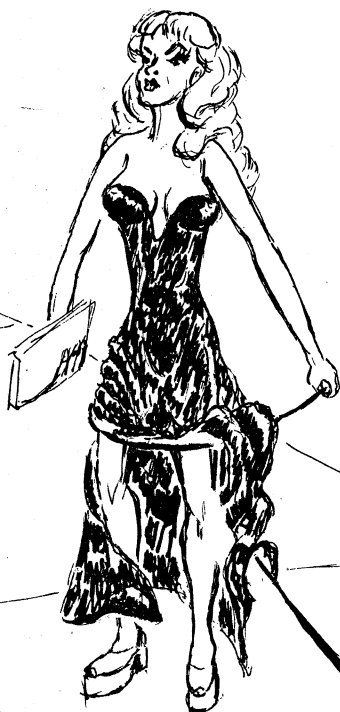
Some said they liked it.

To all of this we listened and learned (and took another drink). So, well fortified against the attacks of Army-Navy-Air Force songsters, we fork up Volume Number II, Copy Number I, from our growing collection.

We would like to pay tribute and list the names of those faithful collectors of lyrical lust who have kept our editorial coffers filled, but one such kind contributor protested violently that he already had one blackmail suit on his hands and to keep his name the hell out of it.

So here it is in all its glorious infamy. Volume II.

RUE DELATITS RUE PIGALLE



BAWDY
OR
THEREABOUTS

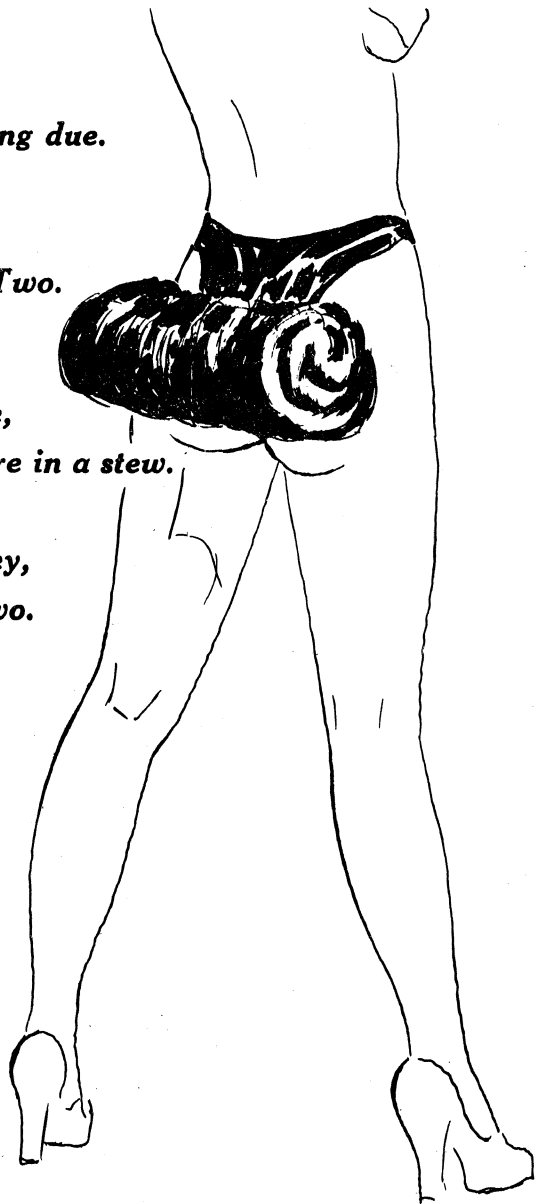
OLD GREY

BUSTLE

(Tune "Old Grey Bonnet")

*Put on your old Grey Bustle,
The one in which you hustle,
For tomorrow the rent is coming due.
Hide your fanny in the clover,
Let the boys look it over,
If you can't get Five—Take Two.*

*Put on your old Grey Bustle,
Let your fanny make it rustle,
If we don't get the dough, we're in a stew.
Like the bees make honey,
Let your fanny make the money,
If you can't get Five—Take Two.*



THE JIGPOHA SALT MINES

(Tune: "The Grandfather's Clock")

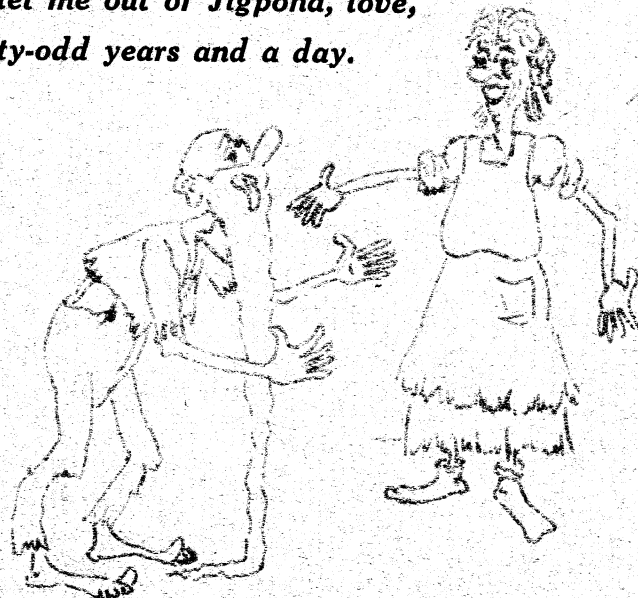
*I'm coming home to you, my love,
A figure bent and gray;
They've let me out from the salt mines, love,
It's twenty-odd years and a day.*

*I've a story sad to tell, love,
It's a thing I hate to say,
But there's no lead left in my pencil, love,
And my tool has shriveled away.*

*They told me I was going out, love,
To fight for our family small,
But the bastards kept me there so long,
There'll be no family at all.*

*I've watched the long years pass, love,
And I've waited in my turn,
But whenever I sent my leave chit up,
They simply marked it "To Burn."*

*I'm coming back to you, love,
A figure bent and gray,
They've let me out of Jigpoha, love,
It's twenty-odd years and a day.*



FRUSTRATION

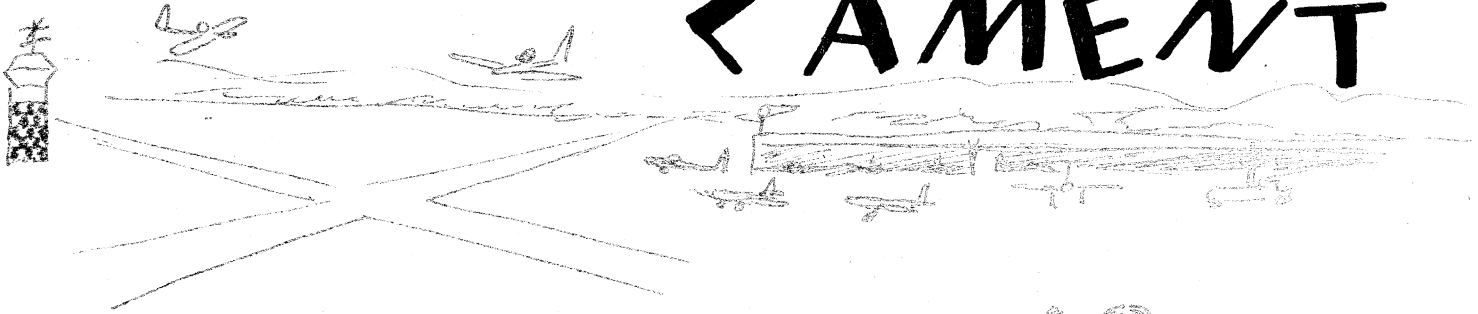
*Now look, my proud beauty, I think it's my duty
To tell you this stalemate can't last.
My liberty's fleeting, and I'm overheating,
My blood pressure's rising, but fast.*

*I've subsidized taxis from Reuben's to Maxie's,
I've escorted you 'round the bars.
I've relived my sorties while flying P-40's,
I've shown you my ribbons and scars.*

*Your curvaceous chassis entices me, lassie,
So let's not encumber the plot
With doubtful evasion, and subtle equations.
Are we goin' to bed—or NOT?*



The Student Wife's COMMENT



(Tune: "Those West Virginia Hills")

*Down South in Alabama, where Maxwell Field is laid,
There came a student bold to learn how war is played.
He brought his lovin' wife, who used to make him glow;
But each night at Maxwell Field, to study he would go.*

(CHORUS)

*And he stayed up in his study, he stayed up in his study,
And he stayed up in his study, all night long.
And he didn't even weaken, give her what she was seekin',
She was pure as a student's wife should be.*

*He knew the Humphrey Scale, and where was General A.
He learned about Attack—and when to stay away.
He learned about Artillery—how to "Fire-when-ready-Sir!"
He played with Infantry—but he never played with her!*

(CHORUS)

*Away up in his study, away up in his study,
Away up in his study all night long.
And in spite of her ambition, she wasted ammunition,
She was pure as a student's wife should be.*

LET ME STUDY



PLEASE GIVE
ME SOME
LOVING



FIRE



STUDY STUDY



Now there was a Cavalry Officer who taught him how to ride,
 All the horsey tactics the Cavalry had tried.
 So she studied equitation to develop her technique,
 But when she'd horse around, to the study he would sneak.

(CHORUS)

And he stayed up in his study, he stayed up in the study,
 He stayed up in the study all night long.
 When she'd whinny, he'd say "Neigh," and a virgin she
 did stay,
 Just as pure as a student's wife should be.

Logistics and its movements sorta got into his hair,
 He never moved a thing from out his study chair.
 He could transfer his supplies, and even navigate,
 But he had a local fog when she would palpitate.

(CHORUS)

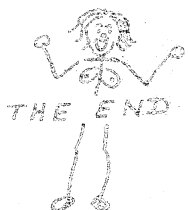
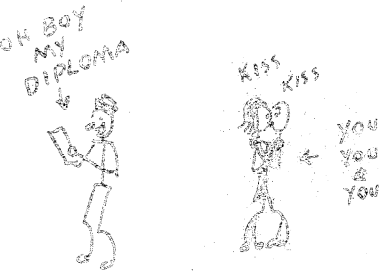
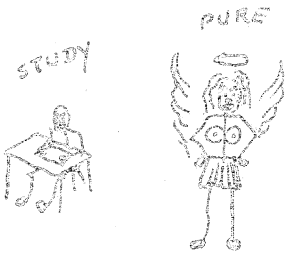
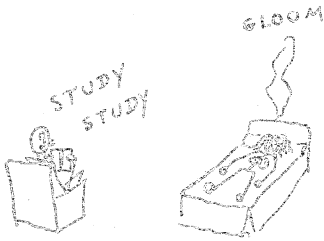
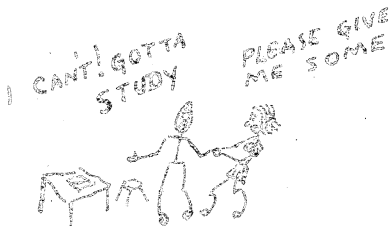
And he'd stay up in his study, he'd stay up in his study,
 He'd stay up in his study all night long.
 And in spite of all her urgin', she still remained a virgin,
 Just as pure as a student's wife should be.

He got himself some S's, some U's, an Excellent,
 He had no use for her, so she went pleasure bent.
 She found a nifty golf course, she danced and flirted too,
 She had herself some fun with You and You and You.

(CHORUS)

While he stayed up in his study, he stayed up in his study,
 He stayed up in his study—so you see
 Tho' she was a sassy lassie, she had a virgin chassis,
 Just as pure as a student's wife should be.

Now they're going to Leavenworth, to a stretch at Leavenworth,
 And she knows that she can take it mighty swell;
 She can play her bridge and rummy,
 And remain a lovely dummy,
 And the sad and sexy life can go to Hell!



HYMN TO A MATINEE IDOL

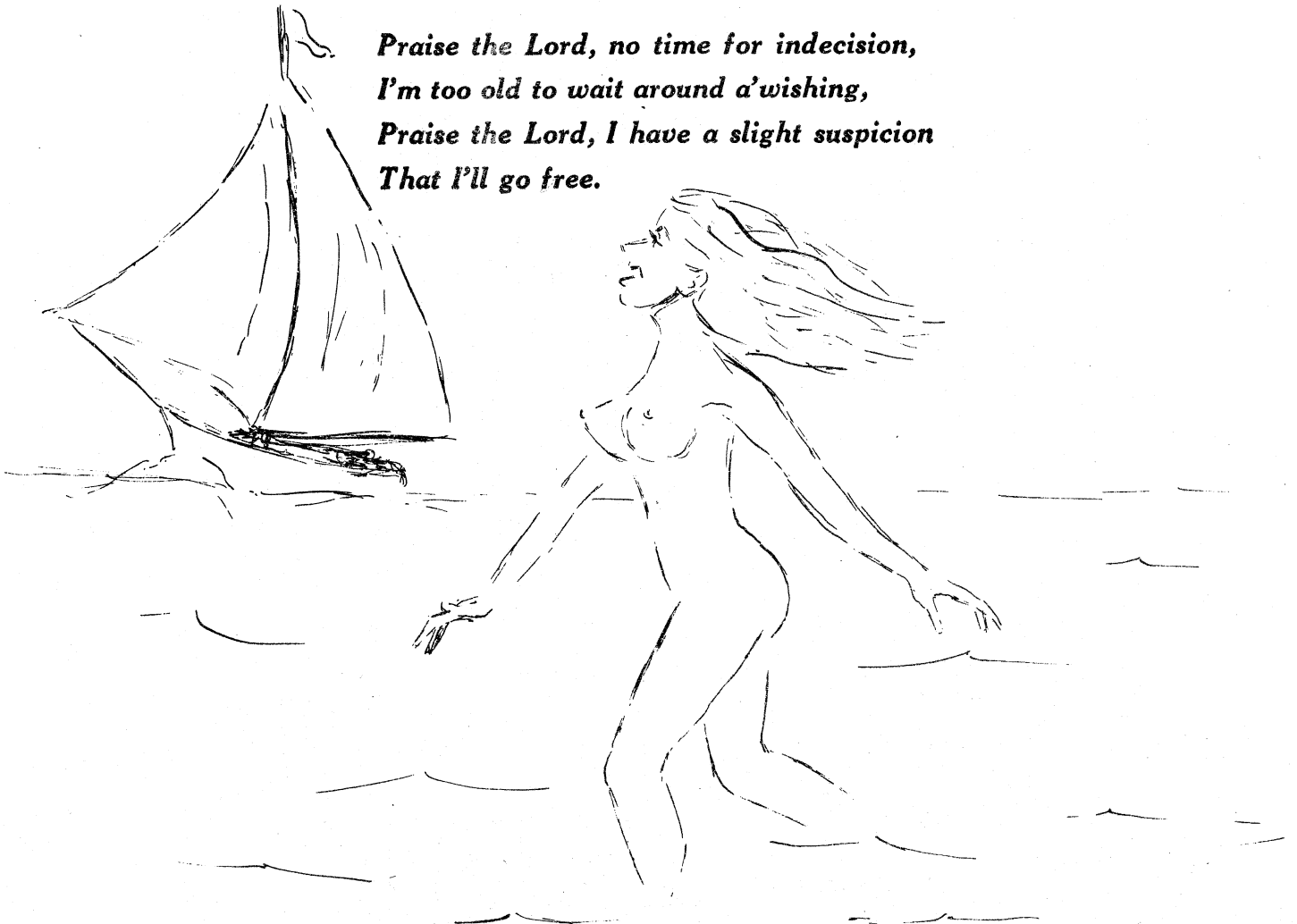
(Tune: "Praise The Lord and Pass the Ammunition")

*Praise the Lord, she gave me her permission,
Praise the Lord, now look at her condition,
Praise the Lord, I knew the right position
And she fell for me.*

*All aboard, we're on a mighty mission,
Can't afford to pay a high commission,
Listen, kid, you're not a'going fishing,
When you yacht with me.*

*The actor said it, you've got to give him credit,
For a son-of-a-gunner was he, shouting:*

*Praise the Lord, no time for indecision,
I'm too old to wait around a'wishing,
Praise the Lord, I have a slight suspicion
That I'll go free.*



DOWN THE LINE

*First you ring the bell and you ask for Anna,
Then you put a nickel in the goddam pianna,
Anna comes down in a Japanese kimono,
All fixed up with perfume and cologne—O.
Then you pay two dollars for a lousy bottle of beer,
Then you pay two dollars for a couple of weeks of fear,
Down the line, down the line.*



LADY JANE

*When Lady Jane became a tart
It nearly broke the family's heart.
But blood is blood
And race is race
And so to save the family's face
They bought her a most exclusive beat
On the sunny side of Jermyn Street.*

Brotherly

LOVE

(Tune: Verse of "Christofa Columbo")

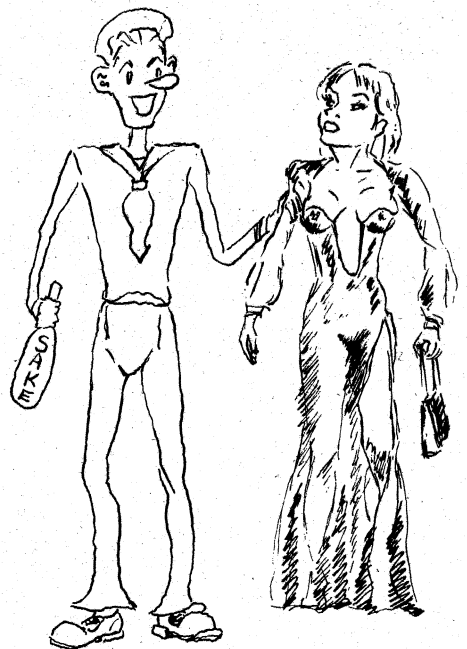
*Oh, the sailor looked and looked and looked,
For Geishas and for sake,
And almost gave up looking, when
He came to Nagasaki.*

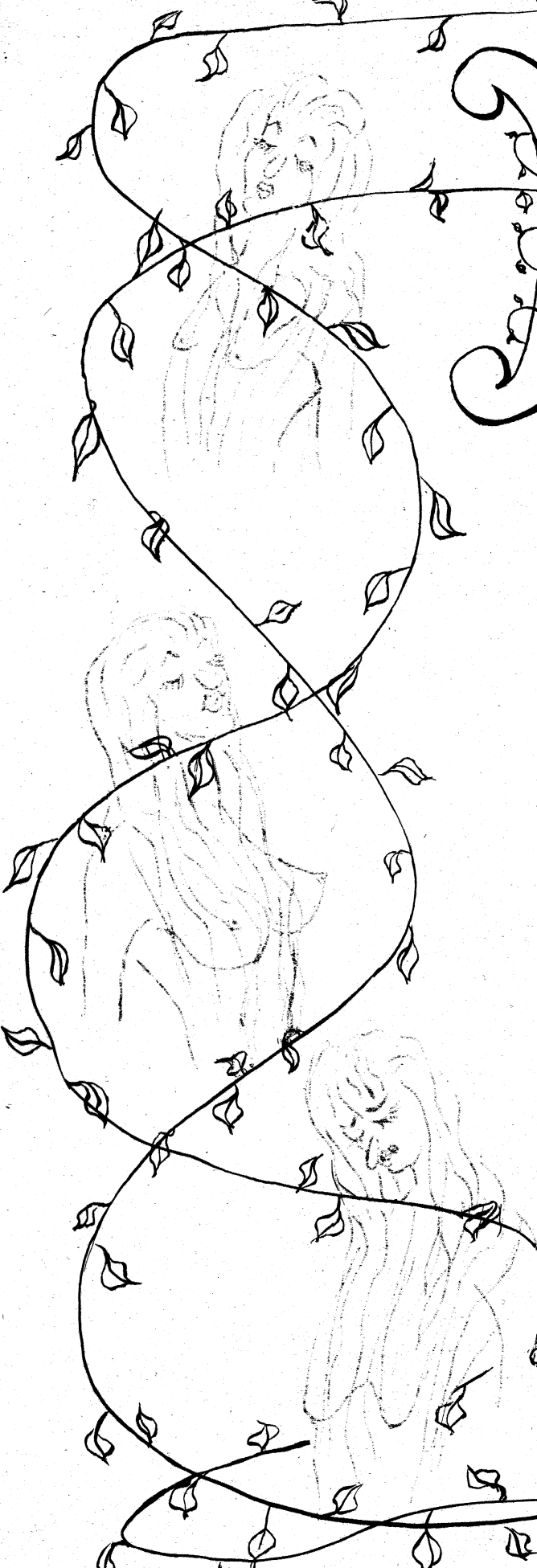
*The sailor man he paid five yen,
And picked himself a lady.
Her hair looked like a wild bees' hive,
And her name sounded like Sadie.*

*They ate their rice, they ate their fish,
And then they drank their sake,
And after fifteen bottoms up,
The sailor man got cocky.*

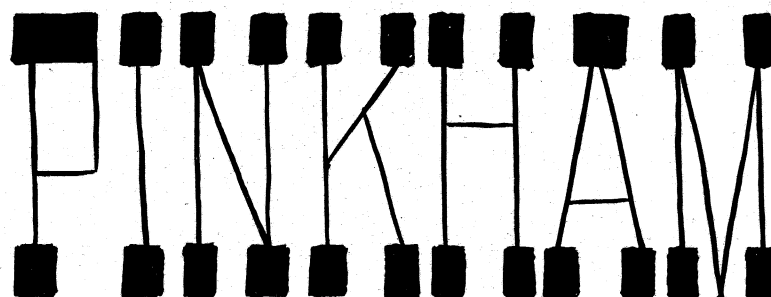
*The slant-eyed maid, she knew her trade,
And ordered lots of liquor.
The sailor man was sinking fast,
His tongue got thick and thicker.*

*He tried to sing, he tried to talk,
And then he tried to love her,
But all that he could ever do,
Was treat her like a brother.*



An illustration of three women with long hair, looking down or at each other, framed by a decorative vine with leaves. The vine starts at the top left, loops around the women, and ends at the bottom right.

LYDIA



*Now little Nellie, she was flat chested,
She 'ad no breasts the eyes to please,
They gave 'er a dose of Lydia's compound
And now they're 'anging below 'er knees.*

(CHORUS)

*Oh, we'll drink a drink, a drink,
To Lydia Pink, a pink a pink,
The saviour of the 'uman ryce.
She invented an 'onorable compound,
And the papers publish her face.*

*Now little Nellie, she used to like it,
She used to like it ten times a day.
They gave 'er a dose of Lydia's compound
And now if you want it, you 'ave to pay.*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

TIM O'BRIEN'S SONG

(Tune: "O'Reilly's Daughter")

*Tim O'Brien is my name,
Drinking gin my occupation,
Shaggin' dames my claim to fame,
Jesus Christ is my salvation.*

(CHORUS)

*Tiddley ay ay, tiddley ay oh,
Tiddley ay ay the one-eyed Reilly,
Rig-a-jig-jig, balls and all,
Rub-a-dub-dub, shag on.*

*Seated by the fireside
I was drinking gin and water,
Suddenly it came to mind
I'd like to shag old Reilly's daughter.*

(REPEAT CHORUS AT WILL)

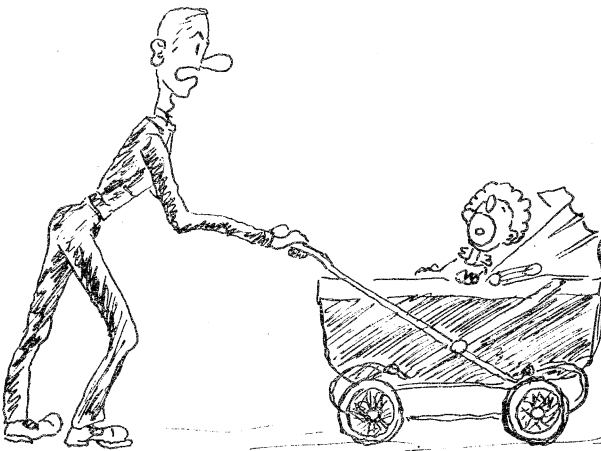
*Up the stairs and into bed,
Suddenly I thro m' left leg over,
Nary a word the maiden said,
Laughed like hell till the fun was over.*

*Down the stairs and in the street,
Who should I meet but the one-eyed Reilly,
Brace of pistols at his side,
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter.*

*Grabbed old Reilly by the neck
Stuck his head in a pail of water,
Jammed those pistols up his ass
A dam sight harder than I shagged his daughter.*

YOU CAN EASILY TELL

*You can easily tell she's not my mother,
'Cause my mother's only 49.
You can easily tell she's not my sister,
'Cause I'd never show my sister such a wonderful time.
You can easily tell she's not my sweetie,
'Cause my sweetie is too refined.
She's a good little kid who likes a good time,
She's just a personal friend of mine,
 You heard me say it!
Just a personal friend of mine.*



THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE

*Oh, Casey would sleep with the strawberry blonde
And the years passed on.
They slept through the Winters and Summers and Springs
And the years passed on.*

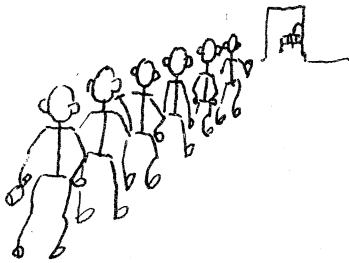
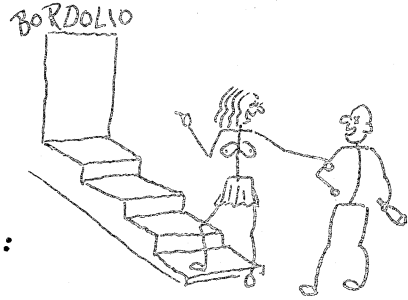
*Oh, Casey thought marriage and pushing a carriage
Was more than he wanted to pay,
Since he had the milk without buying the cow
As the years passed on.*

Love

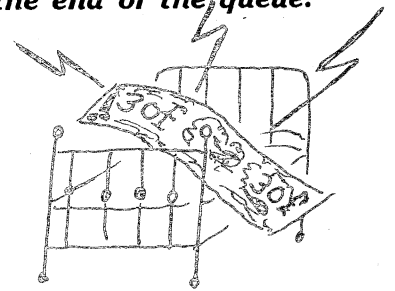
WARNING

(Tune: "Isle of Capri")

*Was on the Rue Raffenel that I met her,
She was French and her name was Fifi,
She whispered softly so no one could hear her:
"Would you like to come upstairs with me"?*



*I must admit she was very attractive,
And I was a little drunk too;
So I slipped thirty francs in her pocket,
And took my place at the end of the queue.*

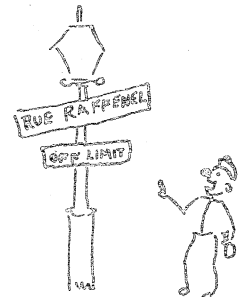


*I had to wait for twenty minutes,
Before I reached her room above,
Then I proceeded to indulge in
Thirty francs worth of legalized love.*

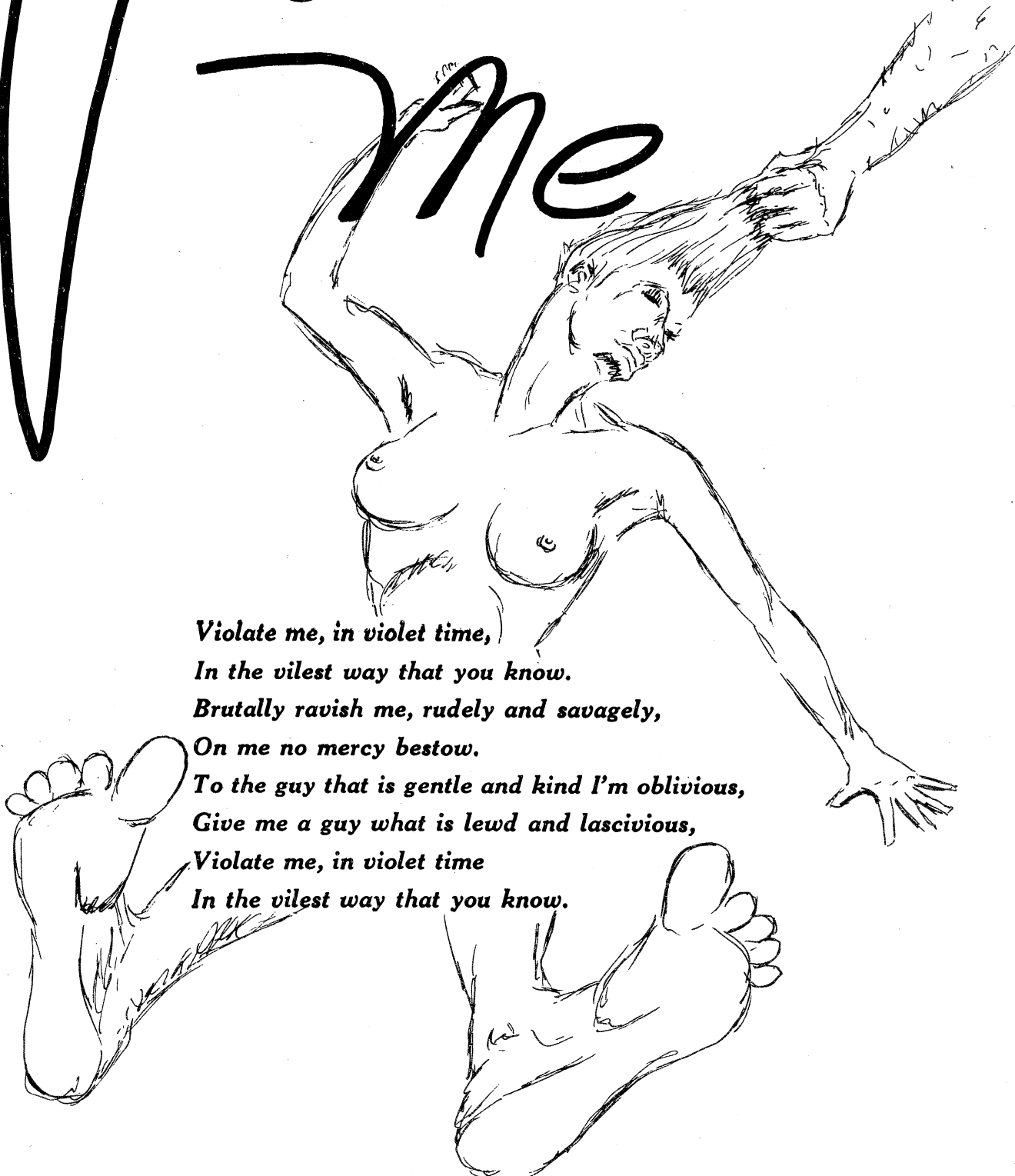


*But when I woke on the following morning,
I was worried as worried could be
That for the sake of a few minutes pleasure,
Something dreadful would happen to me.*

*Now I have finished with my little story,
There is a moral that I'd like to tell:
If you should get any leave into Dakar,
Stay away from the Rue Raffenel.*

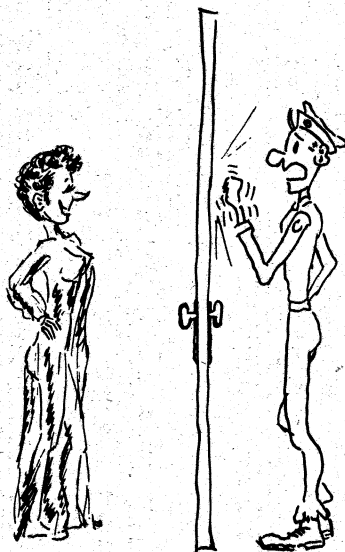


VIOLATE Me



*Violate me, in violet time,
In the vilest way that you know.
Brutally ravish me, rudely and savagely,
On me no mercy bestow.
To the guy that is gentle and kind I'm oblivious,
Give me a guy what is lewd and lascivious,
Violate me, in violet time
In the vilest way that you know.*

YA CAN'T COME IN



I hear ya knockin' but ya can't come in (five knocks in ragtime)

I'm in my nightie, and it's awful thin (five more knocks)

I want ya, baby, but it'd be a sin . . .

Aw, quit cha knockin', baby, come on in!

The Happy BOUNDING Flea

*Here's to the happy bounding flea,
You can hardly tell the "he" from the "she,"
The difference is so small, you see,
BUT—he can tell, and so can she!*

THE SAILOR'S RETURN

(Tune: "Our Gude Man")

*Home came the sailor, home from the sea,
And there in the stable a strange horse did see.*

"O wife, now tell me what can this mean,

"A strange brown horse where my mare should have been?"

"You old fool, you danged fool, you son-of-a-gun," said she,

"It's nothing but a milk cow my mother sent to me."

"Miles have I sailed, five thousand or more,

"But a cow without an udder I never saw before."

Home came the sailor, home from the sea,

And there in the parlor a strange coat saw he.

"O wife, now tell me what can this mean,

"A coat that's not mine where my coat should have been?"

"You old fool, you danged fool, you son-of-a-gun," said she,

"It's nothing but a blanket my mother sent to me."

"Miles have I sailed, five thousand or more,

"But buttons on a blanket I never saw before."

Home came the sailor, home from the sea,

And there in his bed a strange face did see.

"O wife, now tell me what does this mean,

"Another man's head where my own should have been?"

"You old fool, you danged fool, you son-of-a-gun," said she,

"It's nothing but a cabbage head my mother sent to me."

"Miles have I sailed, five thousand or more,

"But whiskers on a cabbage head I never saw before."

Lil

(Tune: "Willy The Weeper")

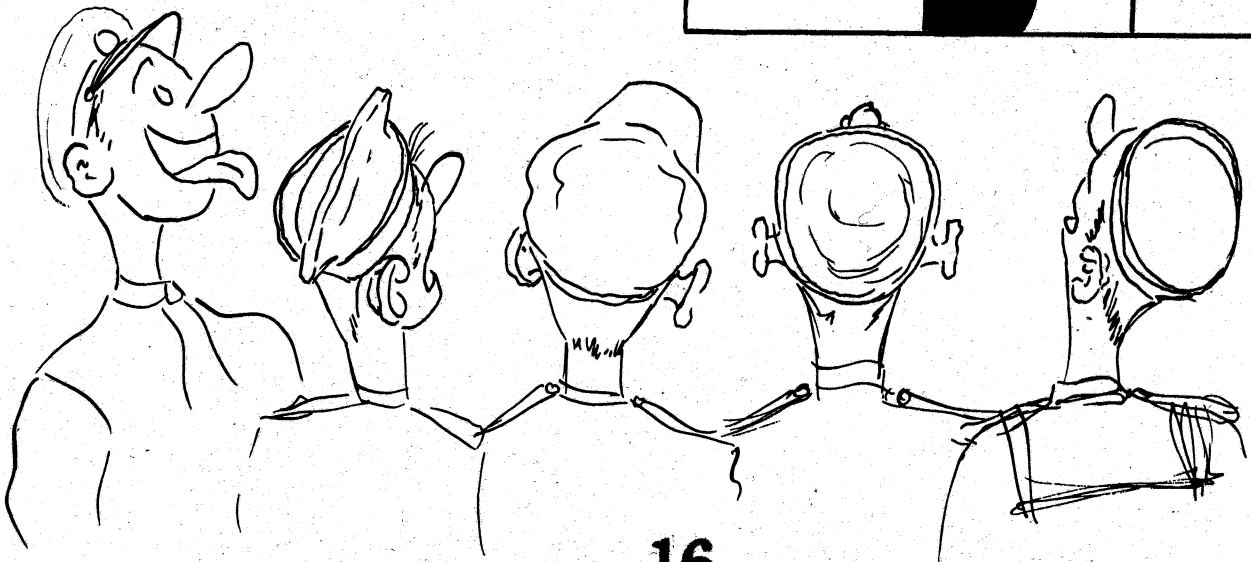
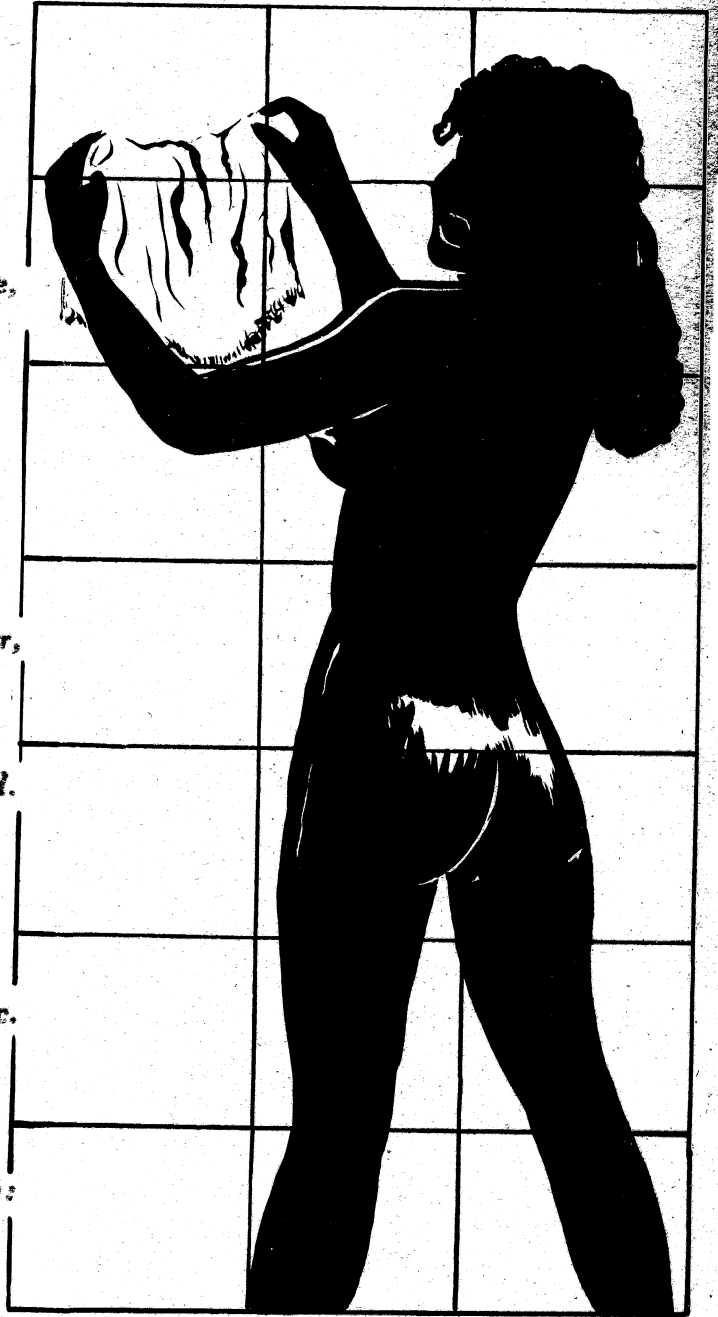
*Her name was Lil, she was a beauty,
She lived in a house of ill repute-y.
The gentlemen came for miles to see,
Lillian in her deshabelle.*

*Oh, she was tall and she was fair,
And she had golden pubic hair.
But she was fond of Demon Rum,
And ate hasheesh and op-i-um.*

*The days went by and Lil got thinner,
Because of the lack of protein in her,
Until her figure got so bad,
She had to go 'round completely clad.*

*Now you must know Lil's clientele
Rested mainly on her belly,
For it was hot and calorific,
And heaved high as the whole Pacific.*

*She went to see the house physician
For her unfortunate condition.
But the only thing the Doc would say:
"Per-ni-ci-ous A-ne-mi-a!"*



I HATE ROMANCE



*I hate romance, when I think of the chance
That I missed in Honolu'.
I scanned the beach, and there stood a peach,
She was doin' the Hula-Hu'.
It was plain to see she was flirtin' with me,
And my heart was full of hope.
But how could I show I'm a Romeo—
Through a rusty old periscope?*



OH, PROMISE ME

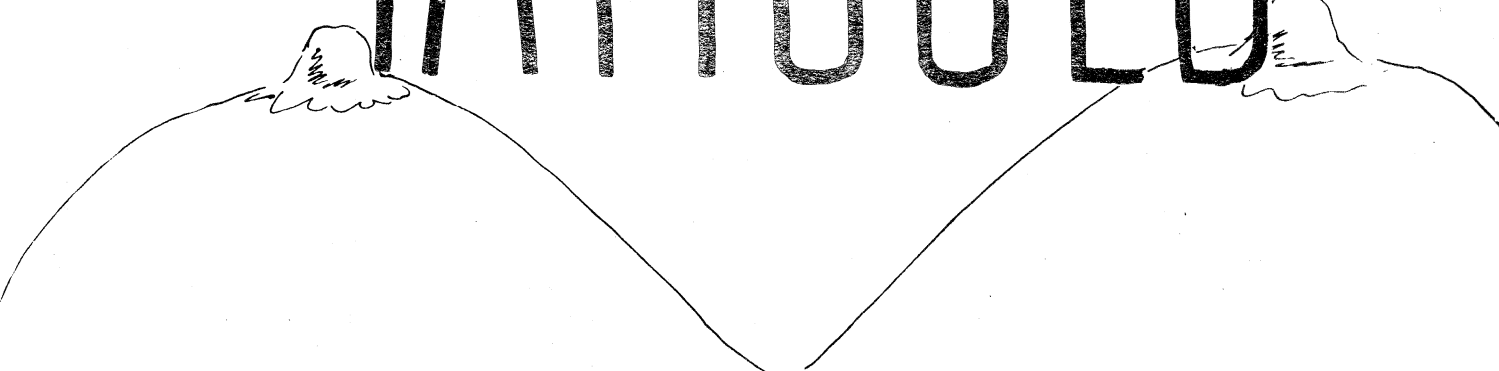
*Oh, promise me that when I call again
You'll have your family all in bed by ten.
The sounds that issue from the floor above
Are not conducive to the acts of love.*

*I never loved your sister Jane,
Your brother Bill gives me an awful pain.
Oh, bury them all and send the bill to me,
Oh, promise me, Oh, promise me.*



The

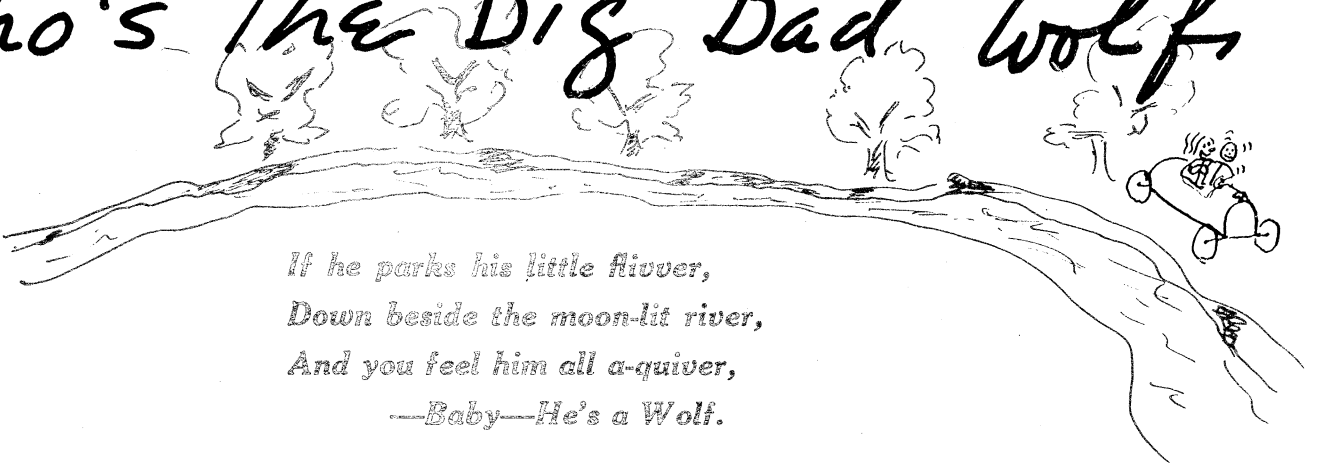
TATTOOED LADY




(Tune: "My Home in Tennessee")

*Oh, come and see the tattooed lady,
She's tattooed down as far you can see.
All up and down her spine
Is the British firing line,
And right between her hips
Sails a fleet of battleships.
And on her kidney is a view of Sydney,
And on her liver flows the Congo River,
But the place that I like best
Is the tattooed lady's chest—
Oh, let me lay my head on the hills of Tennessee!*

Who's The Big Bad Wolf

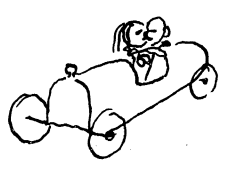


*If he parks his little fliover,
Down beside the moon-lit river,
And you feel him all a-quiver,
—Baby—He's a Wolf.*

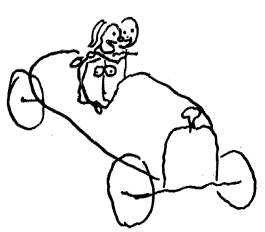


*If he says you're gorgeous lookin',
And your dark eyes set him cookin',
But your eyes ain't where he's lookin',
—Baby—He's a Wolf.*

*Then he says that you're an eyeful,
But his hands begin to trifle,
And his heart pumps like a rifle,
—Baby—He's a Wolf.*

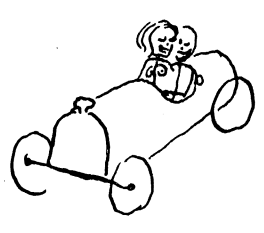


*If by chance when you are kissin'
And you feel his heart a-missin'
And you talk, but he won't listen,
—Baby—He's a Wolf.*



*If his arms are strong as sinew,
And he stirs the gypsy in you,
So that you want him close against you,
—Baby—YOU'RE a Wolf.*

*If your squeals he tries to muffle,
And your dignity to ruffle,
And the deck he wants to shuffle,
—Baby—He's a Wolf.*



*If he works his arm with zeal,
And you know he is a heel,
But you let him cop a feel,
—Baby—YOU'RE a Wolf.*

CENSORED



11th AIRBORNE SONG

*I got a gal in old Sendai,
She is slightly slant of eye.
She's a honey cart aristocrat,
How she loves to hit that mat.*

*I got friend in Yamagata,
Went and sold his pretty daughter.
Now she's making muto yen
Catering to the parachute men.*

*I got gal in Shiogama,
She don't know no English grammar,
What she lack in conversation
She make up in copulation.*

*I got girl in Duriyea,
She come see me every day.
She don't pay no street car fare
'Cause she know the conductaire.*

*Now gather 'round me, fellows, and line up in a row,
I'll tell you all the policies of dear old Uncle Joe,
Of dear old Uncle Joe, of dear old Uncle Joe,
I'll tell you all the policies of dear old Uncle Joe,*

*With geishas you will not consort,
To tea-houses you'll not go,
The bachelors all must sleep alone,
By order of Uncle Joe.
By order of Uncle Joe, by order of Uncle Joe,
The bachelors all must sleep alone,
By order of Uncle Joe.*



A BLUE BOOK *Tragedy*

*I'm only a sterilized heiress,
A butt for the laughter of rubes;
I'm comely and rich, but a venomous bitch,
My mother ran off with my tubes.*

*Imagine my stark consternation,
On feeling a surgeon's rude hands
Exploring my person (page Aimee McPherson)
And rudely snatching my glands.*

*Oh, fie on you medical monsters,
Come back with my feminine toys,
Restore my abdomen, make me a woman,
I want to go out with the boys.*

*The butler and second man snub me,
No more will they use my door key;
Our cook from Samoa has spermatazoa
For others—but never for me.*

*What ruling in court can repay me
For losing my peas in the pod?
My fecundity's turned to morbundity,
Like Pickford I'll have to try God.*

*Oh, fie on the courts and the customs;
I want my two bubbles of jest.
Restore the hot flashes and menopause rashes
And let me feel weight on my chest.*



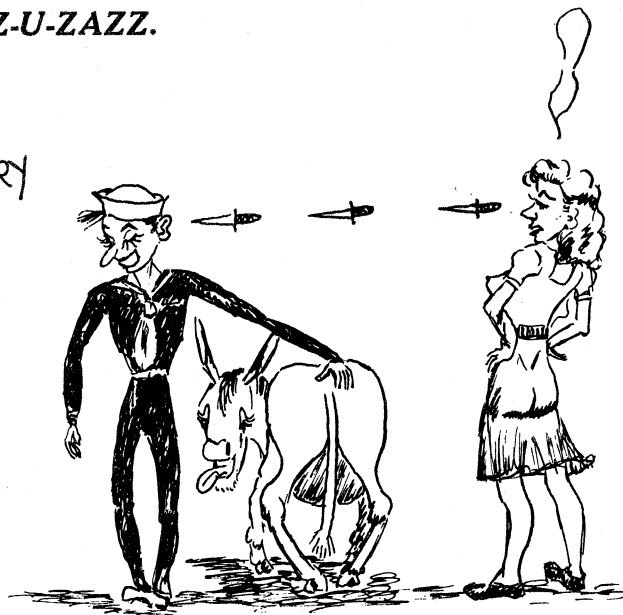
MARY, MARY

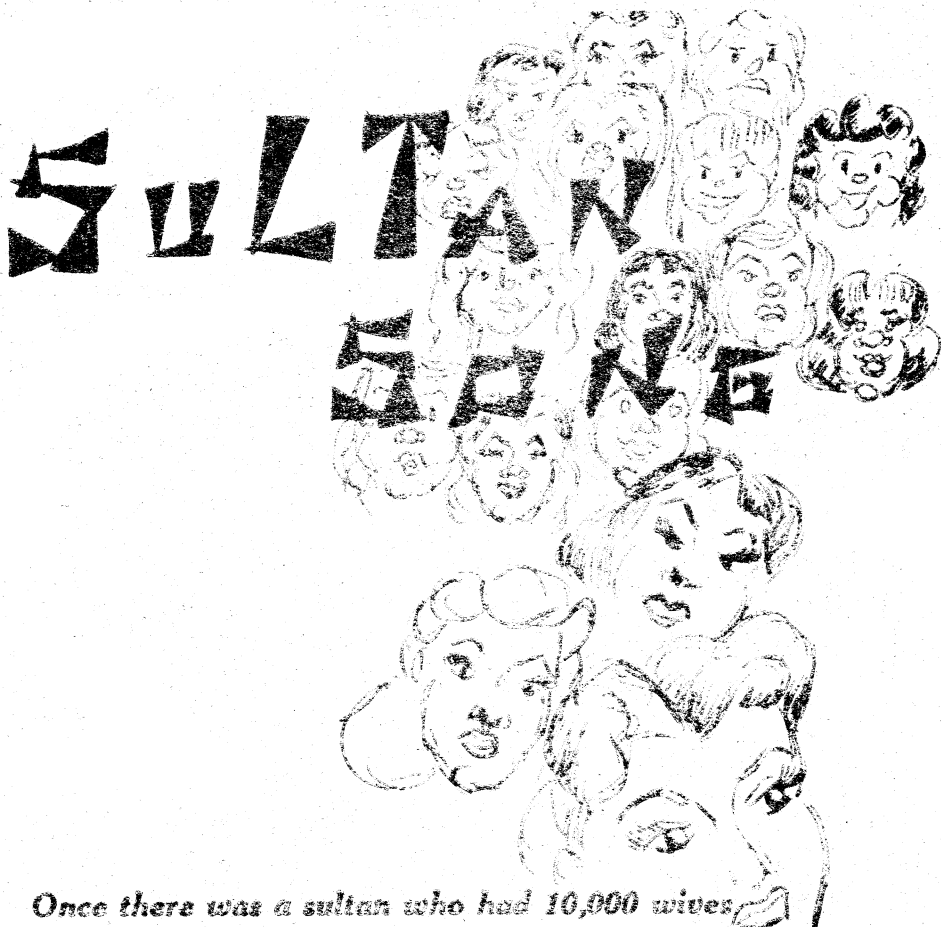
*Now I've had lots of trouble meeting Mary;
Mary's ma and pa don't care for me.
So just to save a fight
And make everything all right
I'll meet my Mary by the zoo, you see.*

*Monday I'll have Mary by the camels,
That's the place where Mary ought to be,
Tuesday by the bears,
And Wednesday by the hares,
And Thursday by the deer, my dear, you see.
On Friday I'll have Mary by the donkeys,
That's the time when I'll have Mary by the —
AS YOU DESIRE IT.
That's the time when I'll have Mary by the —
ZAZZ-U-ZAZZ.*



OH MARY





*Once there was a sultan who had 10,000 wives,
Who had to tell him stories, otherwise they'd lose their lives.*

And the first wife told her tale:

Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom. Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom . .

*Once there were two dancing girls who went around in gauze,
And when they went to cabarets, they wore enormous drawers.
The Chief of Police arrested them for showing too much zeal;
He didn't mind the upper deck but he couldn't stand the keel.*

Ai! Yai! Yai! Yai! And the next wife told her tale:

Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom. Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom . .

*Abdullah had a little goat he traded for a camel,
He didn't like its color, so he daubed it with enamel.
The sun was burning hot that day across the broad Sahara,
And now he can't get off because he's stuck by his Tarrarah.*

Nancy Brown

(Tune: "Pappy Turned The Picture to the Wall")

*In the hills of West Virginny, lived a gal named Nancy Brown.
You've never seen such beauty, in city or in town.
Nancy and the Deacon went on the mount one day
And when they reached the summit—it all came out this way:*

(CHORUS)

*She came rollin' down the mountain—rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain—mighty wise
For she didn't give the Deacon that air thing he was a'seekin'
And her heart's as pure as West Virginny's skies.*

*There came a lonesome cowboy, a cowboy with a song,
Took our Nancy on the mountain—but she still knew right
from wrong.*

(CHORUS)

*She came rollin' down the mountain, rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain—by the shack;
For despite that cowboy's urgin'—she remained the local virgin
And her heart's as pure as Pappy's applejack.*

*There came a city slicker, with one hundred dollar bills,
Took Nancy in his Packard—way up in them thar hills:*

(CHORUS)

*O she stayed up in the mountains, stayed up in the mountains,
She stayed up in the mountains all the night;
She returned next mornin' early—more a woman than a girlie
And her Pappy kicked the hussy out of sight.*

(REQUIEM)

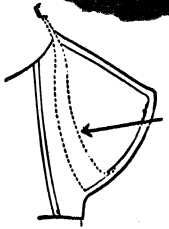
*Now she's livin' in the city—livin' in the city,
Livin' in the city—mighty swell.
No more washin' pots and skillets—for she's eatin' fancy vittles
And those West Virginny Hills can go to Hell.*

ODE TO THE

*Banish the use of the four letter words
Whose meanings are never obscure.
The Anglos and Saxons, those bawdy old bards
Were vulgar, obscene and impure.
But cherish the use of the weaseling phrases
That never quite say what you mean,
You'd better be known for your hypocrite way
Than as vulgar, impure and obscene.*

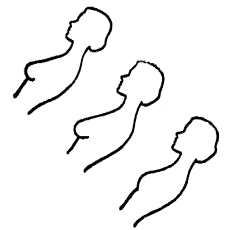
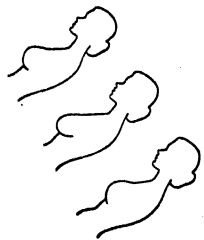
*When nature is calling, plain speaking is out,
When ladies, God bless them, are milling about,
You may wee-wee, make water, or empty the glass,
You can powder your nose, even "Johnnie" may pass
Shake the dew off the lily, see the man 'bout a dog,
When everyone is soused, it's condensing the fog.*

*A woman has a bosom, a bust, or a breast,
Those lily white swellings that swell 'neath her vest.
They are towers of ivory, or sheaves of new wheat;
In a moment of passion, ripe apples to eat.
You may speak of her nipples as fingers of fire
With hardly a question of raising her ire.*



LARGE BUST

LARGE • MEDIUM • SMALL BUSTS



LETTER WORDS

*So banish the words that Elizabeth used,
When she was queen on her throne.
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four letter words all alone.
Let your morals be loose as an alderman's vest,
If your language is always obscure.
Today, not the act, but the word is the test
Of the vulgar, obscene and obscure.*

SMALL BUST

SIZES

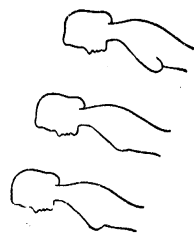
28 TO 38

Special Design "Up-and-Out" Bra
gives You a Fuller, Alluring Bust.
Wear Instantly!

NO PADS!

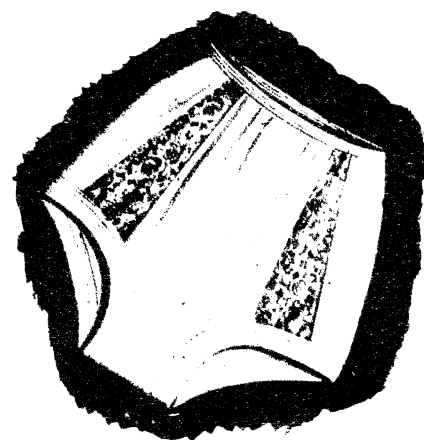
No Artificial Bust
Buildup Needed!

**COLORS
NUDE, WHITE
BLUE, BLACK**

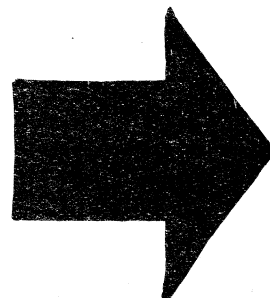


**Neglected Piles
Are Dangerous**

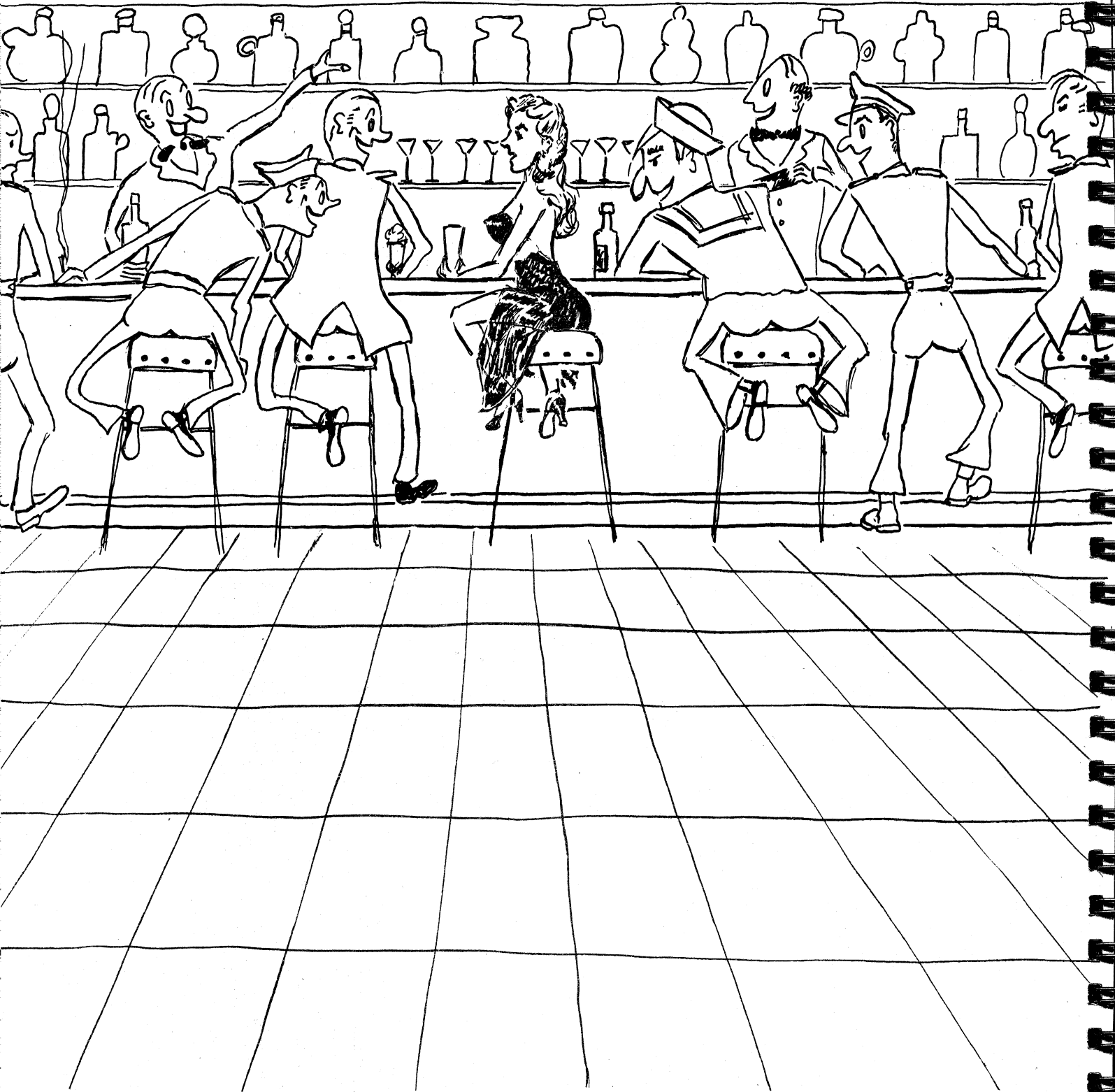
PERIODIC PAIN



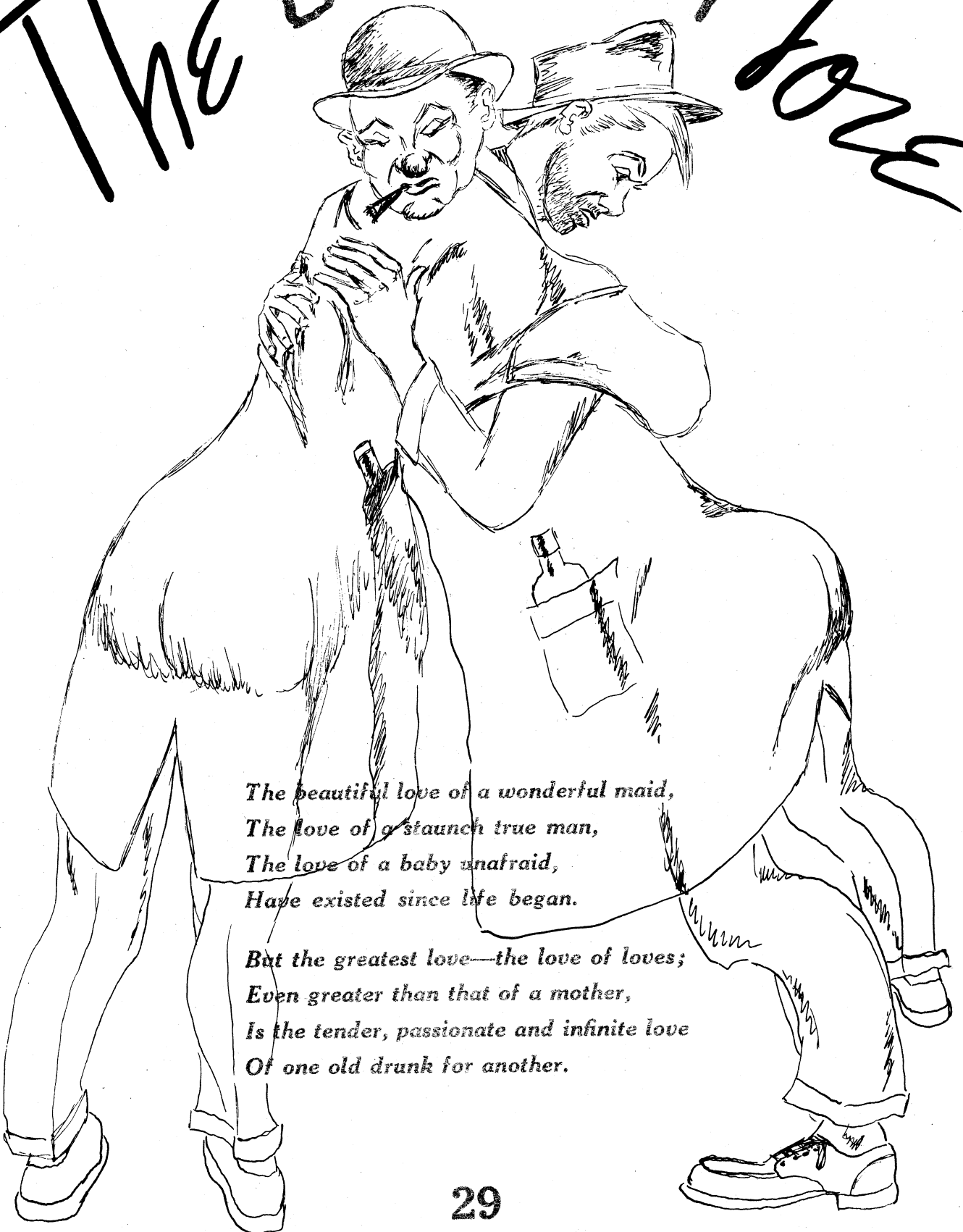
LET'S SING



DRUNK OR DRINKING



The GREATEST Love



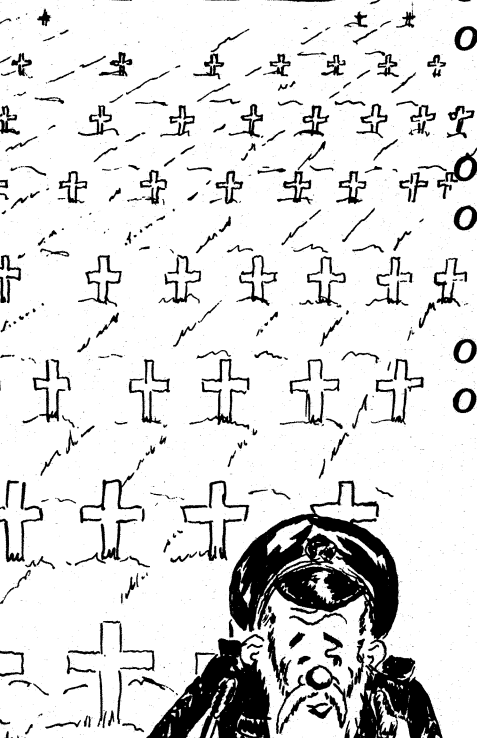
*The beautiful love of a wonderful maid,
The love of a staunch true man,
The love of a baby unafraid,
Have existed since life began.*

*But the greatest love—the love of loves;
Even greater than that of a mother,
Is the tender, passionate and infinite love
Of one old drunk for another.*

OLD

Soldiers NEVER

DIE

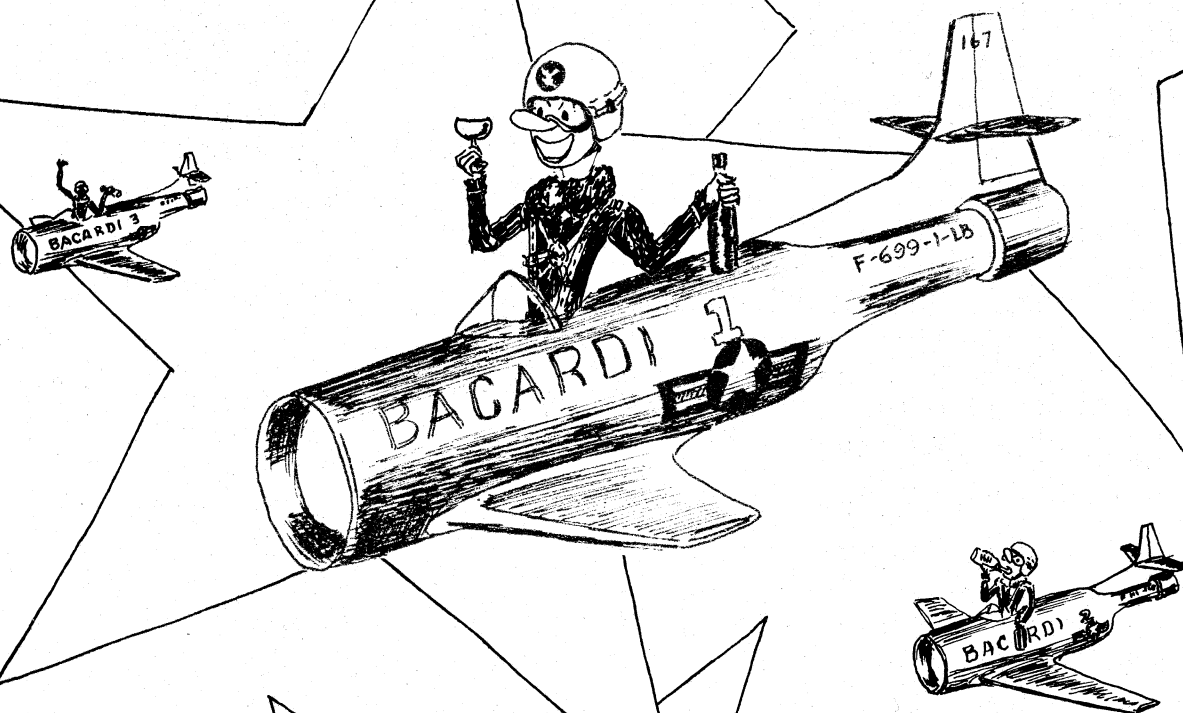


*Old soldiers never die, never die, never die,
Old soldiers never die—
They just fade away.*

*Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy,
Old sailors never buy—
They just sail away.*

*Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly,
Old pilots never fly—
They just draw their pay.*





THE FORMATION LEADER

*Here's a health to the formation leader,
A jolly good fellow is he,
He uses three-star navigation
And flies on Bacardi.
Here's a health to the leader's two wing-men,
To the gunner within his turrell,
Here's a health to the whole damn formation,
We'll fly reviews in hell.*

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY

*We stand 'neath resounding rafters,
The walls all around are bare;
They echo back our laughter,
Seems that the dead are all there.*

(CHORUS)

*Stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies,
Here's a health to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next man to die.*

*Denied by the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the ones we held dear,
The good have all gone before us,
And only the dull are still here.*

(REPEAT CHORUS AT WILL—POOR WILL)

*We loop in the purple twilight,
We spin in the silver dawn,
With a trail of smoke behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.*

*In flaming Spad and Camel,
With wings of wood and steel,
For mortal-stakes we gamble,
With cards that were stacked for the deal.*

THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP



*Fill that barrel up, we'll drink a loving cup
To bombers one by one.*

*Drown your sorrow and forget tomorrow,
For tomorrow never comes.*

*Here's a health to Anti-Aircraft,
Here's a bumper to Pursuit—God help them;
Join in all of you, we'll drink a barrel to . . .
THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP.*



THE DUCK SONG

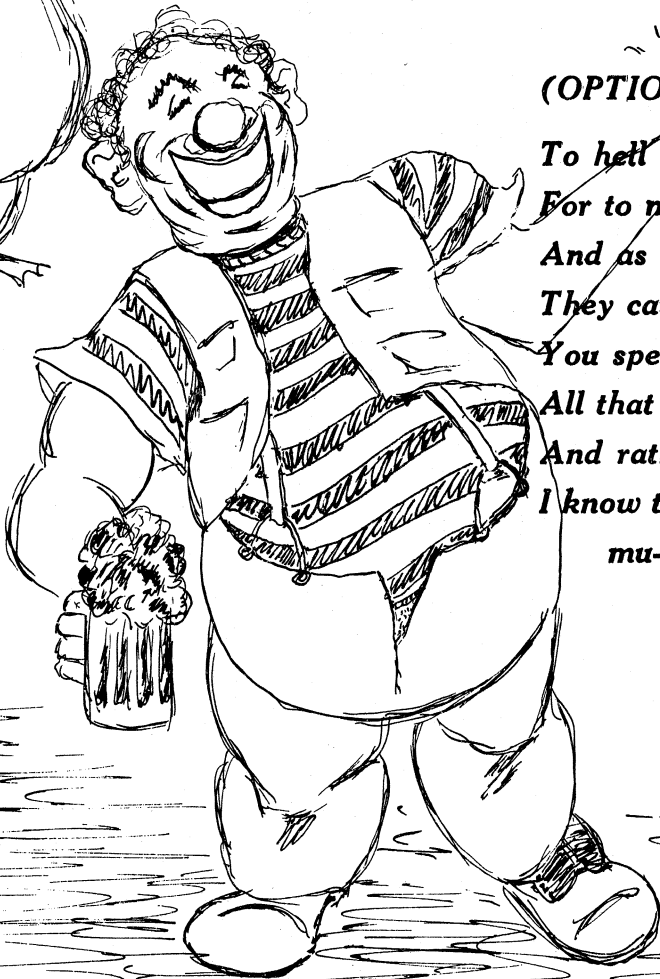
(Tune: "Stars and Stripes Forever")

*Be kind to your web-footed friends,
For a duck may be somebody's mother.
Be kind to the denizens of the swamp,
For they will never do you wrong.
Be kind to the moose and the elk,
And a skunk may be a sister or brother.
And if you ever goose a snake,
I hope to hell you never live to goose another.*



(OPTIONAL VERSION)

*To hell with your web-footed friends,
For to me one duck looks just like another.
And as for the beasts of the swamp,
They cause nothing but alarm.
You speak of the Moose and the Elk,
All that they ever do is hold conventions.
And rather than ever goose a snake,
I know that I would rather goose my dear old
mu-u-u-ther.*



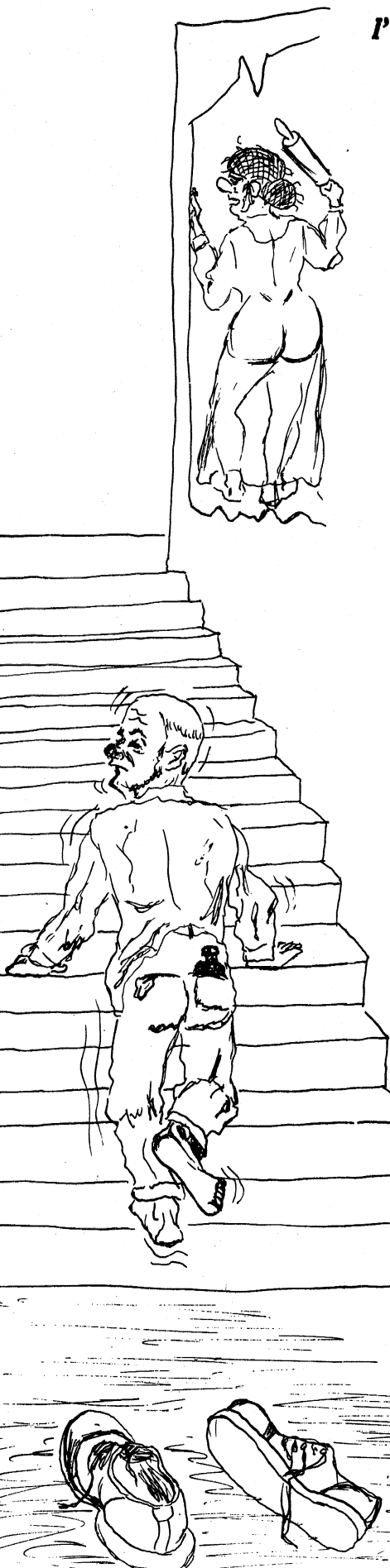
I'VE ONLY BEEN DOWN TO THE CLUB

*Last night I was out rather late;
It was only an innocent spree.
My wife for my coming did wait
When sleeping I thought she would be.
My boots I left down in the hall
And softly I crept up the stairs;
I kept rather close to the wall,
And thought to ascend unaware.
But just as I got to the door,
I seemed to get lost in the dark;
I stumbled and fell to the floor,
Just then I could only remark:*

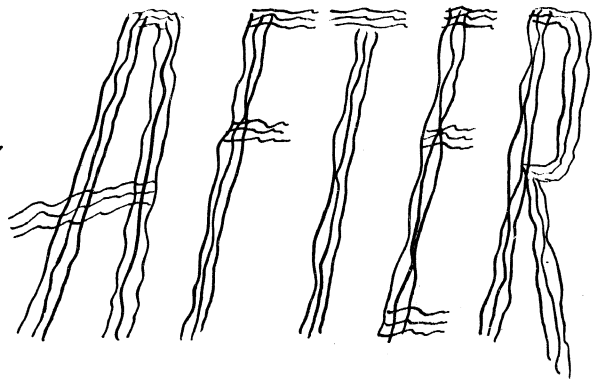
(CHORUS)

*The club had a meeting tonight, love,
Of business we had a great sight, love,
Don't think for a moment I'm tight,
I've only been down to the club.*

*I found her in temper and tears,
She cried it's a sin and a shame.
She scratched both my eyes and ears,
Just then I could only explain.
She sobbed, she wept and she screamed,
She said she'd go back to her Ma;
While I on the mantel-piece leaned
And tried to enjoy my cigar.
I told her I'd buy her a dress,
If she'd leave me alone for awhile;
I gave her a sweet little kiss
Then I saw her beginning to smile.*



The Morning



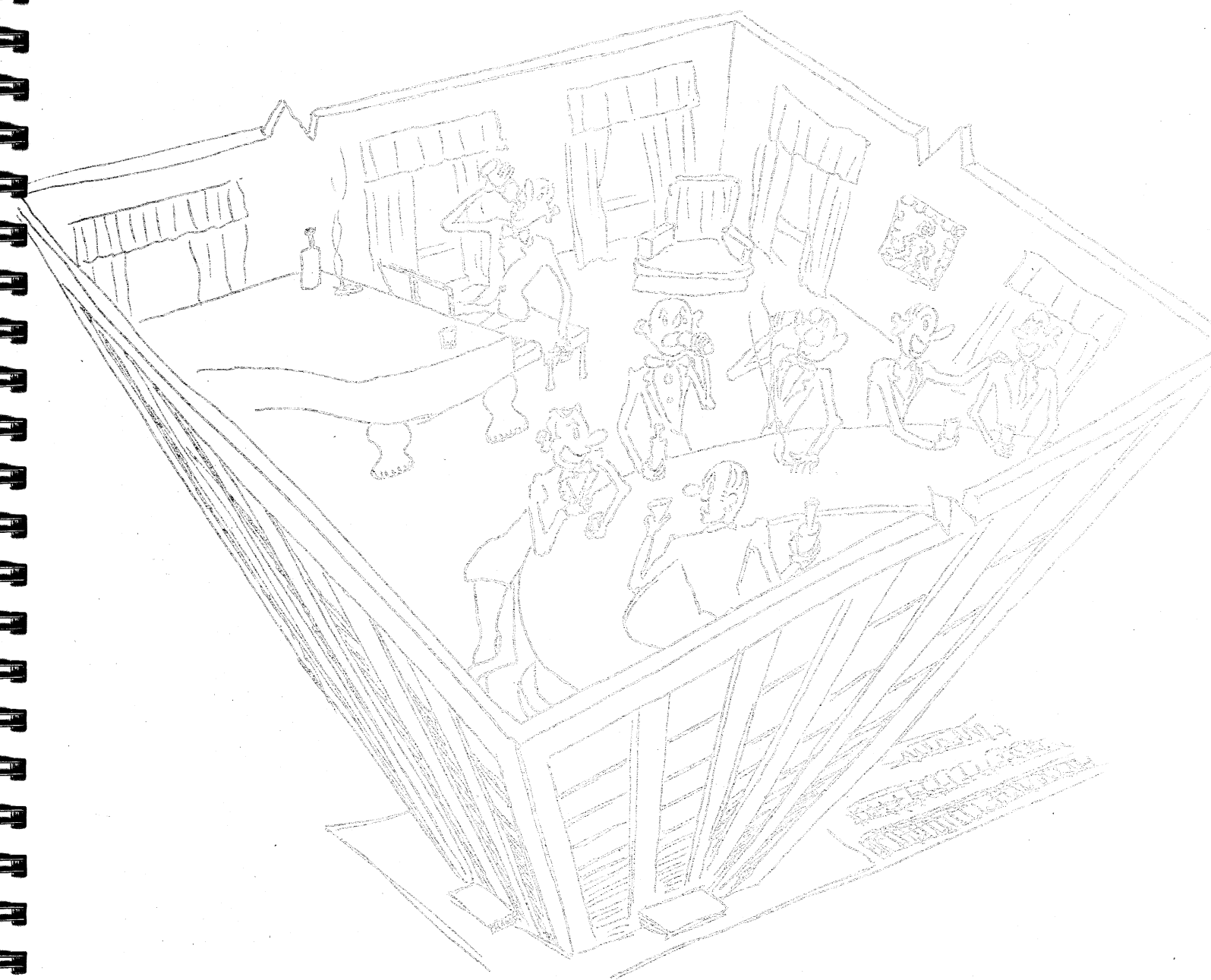
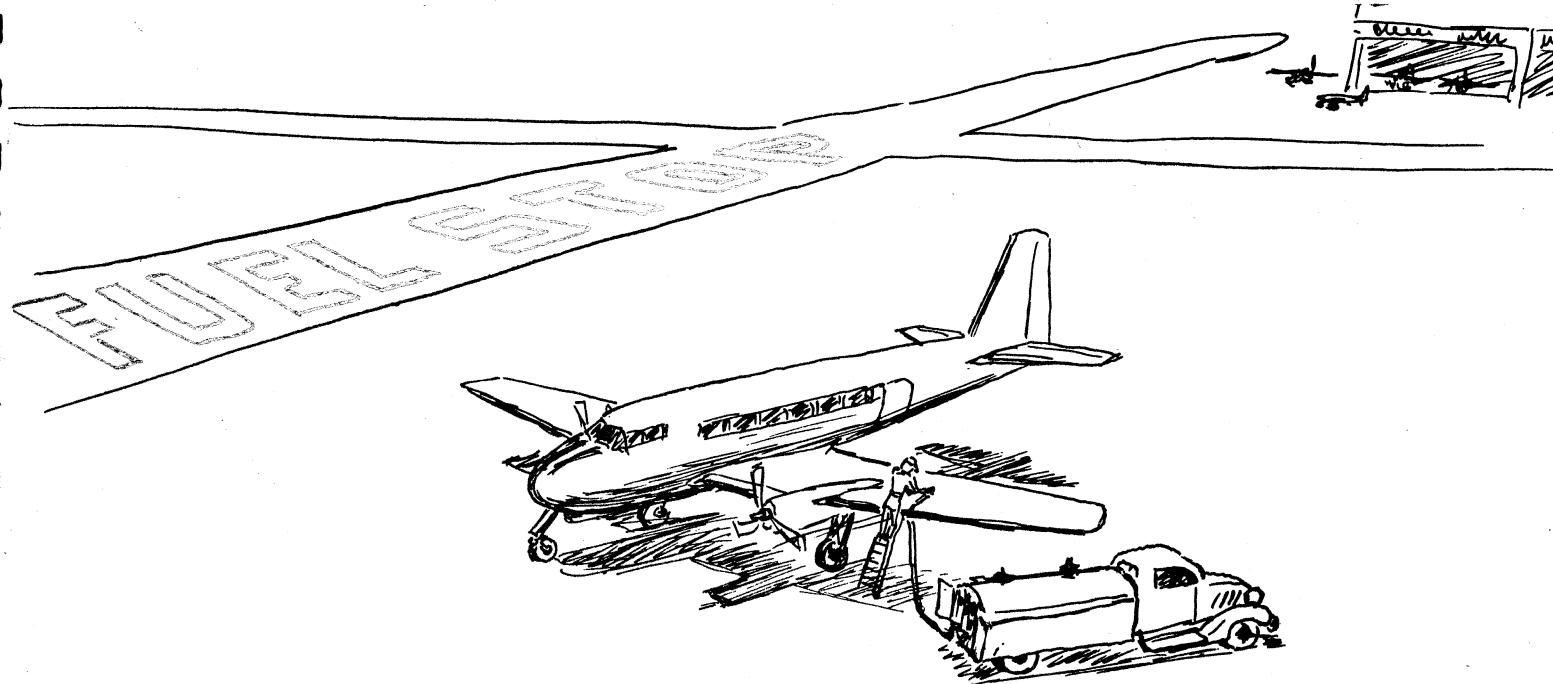
*A gilded mirror, a polished bar,
A million glasses, straws in a jar,
A courteous young man, all dressed in white,
Are my recollections of last night!*

*The streets were dirty and far too long,
Gutters sloppy and policemen strong,
The slamming of doors in a sea-going hack;
That's my recollection of getting back!*

*The stairs were narrow and hard to climb,
I rested often for I'd lots of time,
An awkward keyhole, a misplaced chair,
Told the folks plainly I was there!*

*A heated interior, a wobbly bed,
A sea-sick man with an aching head,
Whiskey, beer, gin, booze galore,
Were introduced to the cuspidor!*

*And with morning came bags of ice
So very necessary in this life of vice;
And when I cooled my throbbing brain,
Did I swear off and quit? No, I got soused again.*



Gentlemen

(Tune: "Whiffenpoof Song")

To the legions of the lost ones,
To the cohorts of the damned,
To our brethren in their sorrow overseas—
Sings a gentleman of England,
Finely made, machinely crammed
And a trooper of the forces, if you please—
Yes, a trooper of the forces
Who has bred his own six horses
And faith, has run the race and run it blind—
Oh, the world was more than kin,
While he held a ready tin,
But today the sergeant's something less than kind.

(CHORUS)

We are poor little lambs who have lost our way,
BAA, BAA, BAA,
We are little black sheep who have gone astray,
BAA, BAA, BAA,
Gentlemen rankers, out on a spree,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Damned from here to eternity,
BAA, BAA, BAA.

Oh it's sweet to sweat through stables,
Sweet to empty kitchen slops,
And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell.
Sweet to dance with blowzy 'ousemaids,
At the regimental 'ops,
And to thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.
Oh, it's sweet to cock a 'oop
And be rider to your troop,
And branded with the blasted, worsted spur—
While you envy, O, how keenly
One poor Tommy living cleanly,
Who blacks your boots
And sometimes calls you "sir."



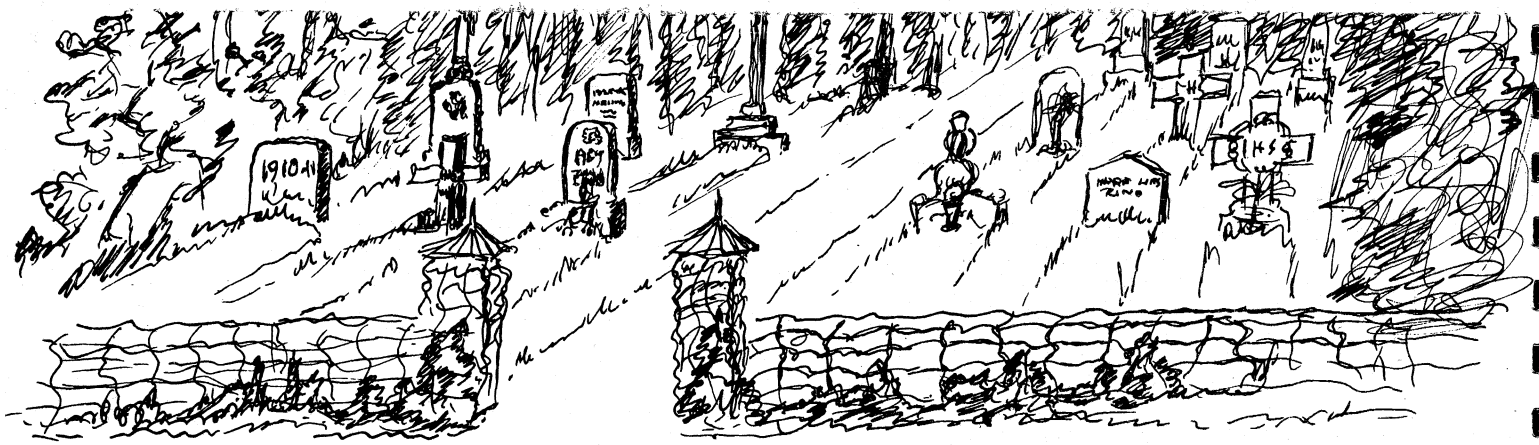
RANKERS



(REPEAT CHORUS AT WILL)

*Oh, the home we never write to
And the oaths we never keep,
And all we hold most distant and most dear—
Across the snoring barrack-room
Return to break our sleep;
Can you blame us if we douse ourselves in beer?
And the great guard-lantern gutters
While a drunken comrade mutters,
And the horror of our fall is written plain.
Every secret self-revealing
On an aching whitewashed ceiling,
Can you blame us if we drug ourselves from pain?*

*We are done with hope and honor,
We are lost to love and truth,
We are climbing down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment
Is the measure of our youth,
God help us, for we knew the worst too young!
Our shame is clear repentance,
For the crime that brought the sentence,
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride.
For the curse of Reuben holds us
While an alien earth enfolds us,
And we die . . . and none can tell them where we lie.*



COCAINE BILL

*Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue,
Strolling down the avenue two by two,
Oh Babe, won't you have a little (sniff) on me,
A little (sniff) on me.*

*Said Bill to Sue, "I won't do no harm,
"If we both have a little shot in the arm."*

*Said Sue to Bill, "I can't refuse,
"Cause there's no more kick in dear old booze."*

*So they walked down 5th and turned up Main,
Lookin' for a place where they sell cocaine.*

*And they came to a drugstore full of smoke,
Where they saw a little sign, said, "No More Coke."*

*Now in a graveyard on the hill,
Lies the body of Cocaine Bill.*

*And in a little grave by his side,
Lie the body of his would-be bride.*

*Now all you cokies is guine to be dead,
If you don't stop-a-(sniff)in' that stuff in your head.*



HALLELUJAH

*Lying in the gutter, all guzzled up on beer,
Bubbles in my whiskers, I thought my end was near.
Then came the glorious Army, and I was born again
Glory, glory, hallelujah, tra-la-la, amen, tra-la-la, amen.*

(CHORUS)

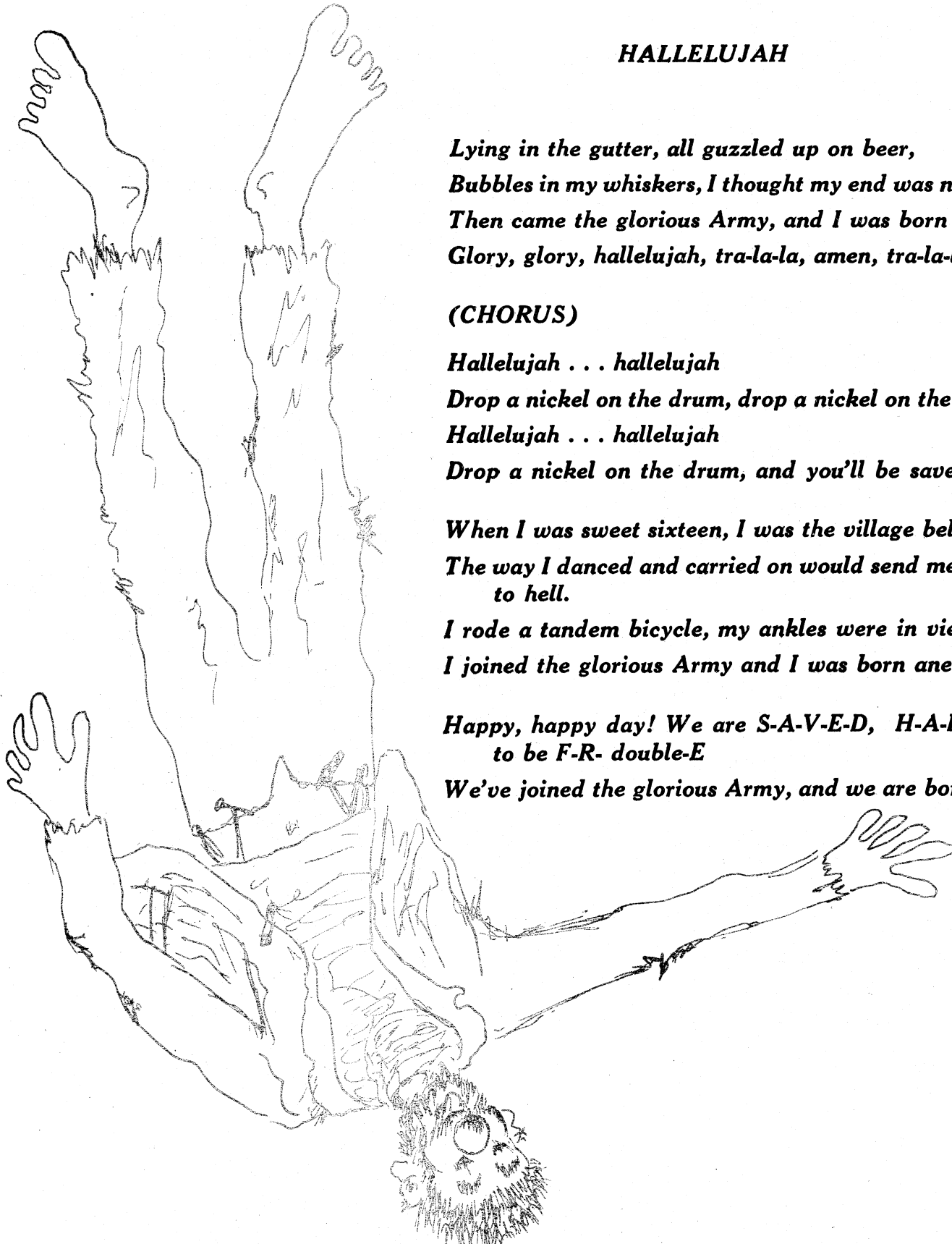
*Hallelujah . . . hallelujah
Drop a nickel on the drum, drop a nickel on the drum
Hallelujah . . . hallelujah
Drop a nickel on the drum, and you'll be saved.*

*When I was sweet sixteen, I was the village belle,
The way I danced and carried on would send me straight
to hell.*

*I rode a tandem bicycle, my ankles were in view
I joined the glorious Army and I was born anew.*

*Happy, happy day! We are S-A-V-E-D, H-A-P-P-Y
to be F-R- double-E*

We've joined the glorious Army, and we are born again.



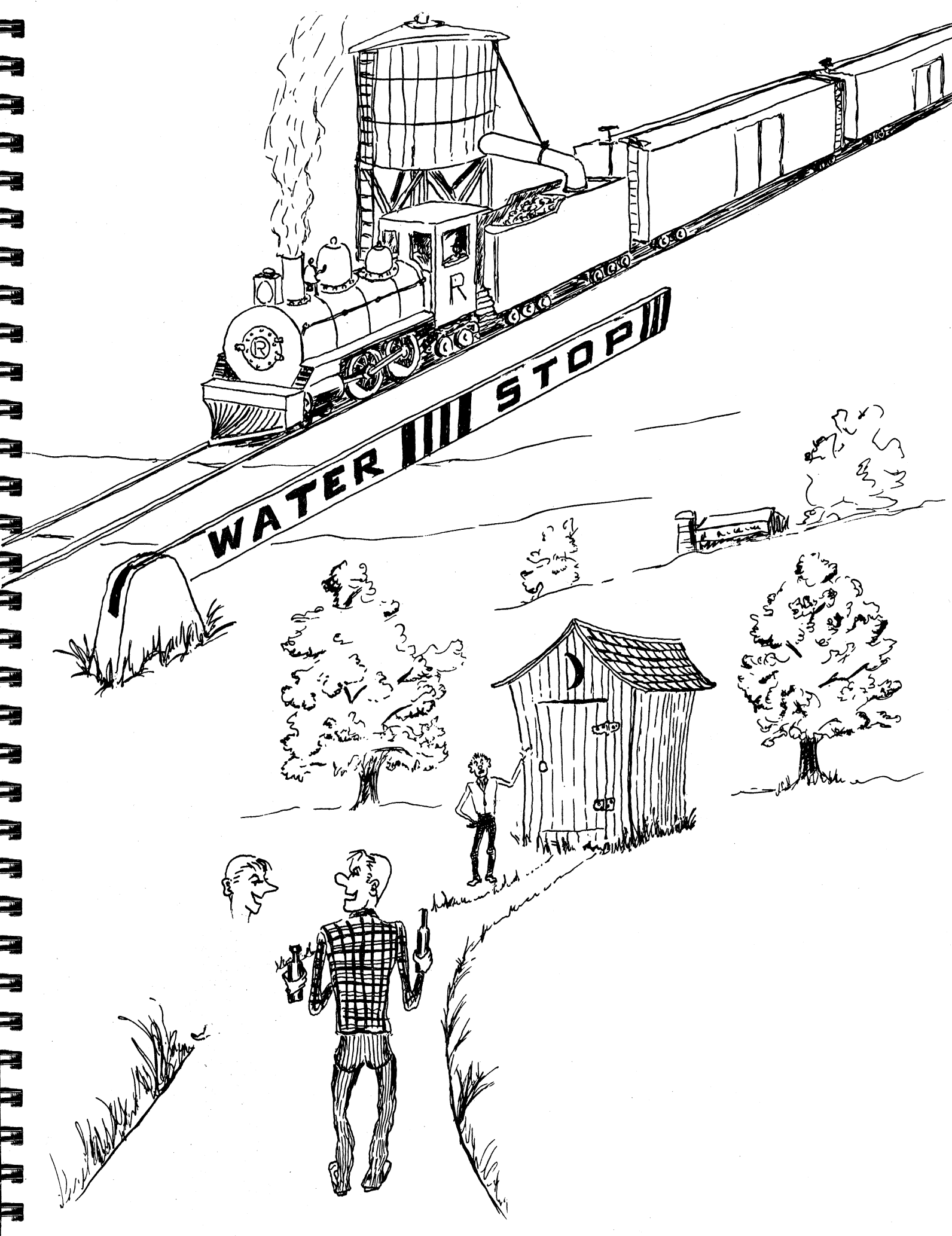
Whiskey, O Whiskey

*Whiskey, O Whiskey,
You killed my dear old Dad,
And if you don't kill me,
I sho'llly will be sad.*

*For when I get drunk,
Just pour me in my bunk,
Cause I ain't nobody's business
But my o-o-own—*

*And when I get sober,
I'll do the whole thing over,
Cause it ain't nobody's business
But my own.*

*Oh, dear old Grandad (fill in favorite whiskey,
as Old Taylor, Old Parr, Old Overshoes, etc.)
It ain't nobody's business—
But My-y-y Oh-oh-own.*





FAREWELL

(Tune: "Landlord, Fill The Flowing Bowl")

*Come, mess-mates, pass the bottle 'round,
Our time is short, remember,
For our grog must stop, and our spirits drop,
On the first day of September.*

(CHORUS)

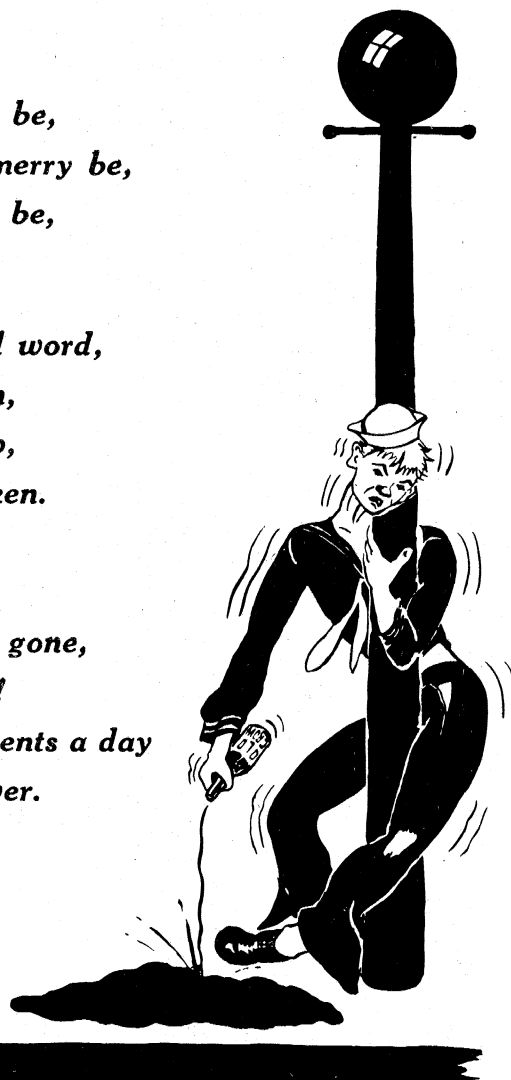
*For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.*



*Farewell old rye, 'tis a sad, sad word,
But alas! it must be spoken,
The ruby cup must be given up,
And the demijohn be broken.*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

*Jack's happy days will soon be gone,
To return again, oh never!
For they've raised his pay five cents a day
But stopped his grog forever.*



WELL TO GROC



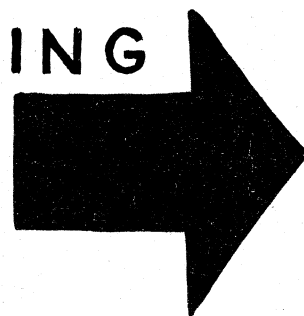
*Yet memory oft will backward turn,
And dwell with fondness partial,
On the days when gin was not a sin,
Nor cocktails brought courts-martial.*

(Bosun's mate pipe "All Hands Splice the Main Brace")

*All hands to splice the main brace, call,
But splice it now in sorrow,
For the spirit-room key will be laid away,
For-ever, on to-morrow.*



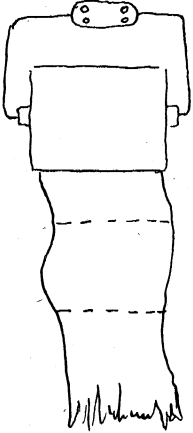
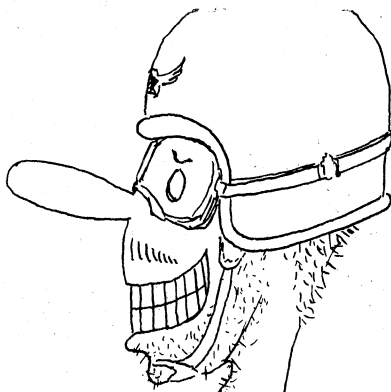
AND NOW LET'S SING





Military

J.I.B.F



THE GLIDER SONG

*Don't flush the toilet on the tow-ship,
When the glider's on behind,
For there's nothing quite so disconcerting
As flying blind.*

*I love the high tow, I love the low tow,
I love to listen to the whistle of the wind;
But when you flush the toilet on the tow-ship,
Brother, that's where I came in.*

TOW-SHIP No.2
PILOT'S TOTAL





(Tune: "Bell Bottom Trousers")

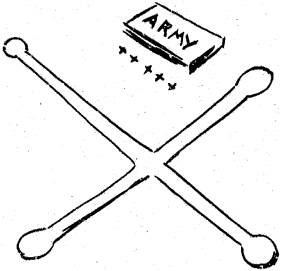
*Once there was a flyer in the ATC,
Along came an admiral and sent him out to sea.
Now they are not soldiers, neither are they tars;
The poor pilots wonder what the hell they are.*

*Bell bottom trousers, coats of forest green;
The goddamdest outfit the world has ever seen.
Wings on their pockets, feathers in their hats;
Once they were the ATC, now they are the MATS.*

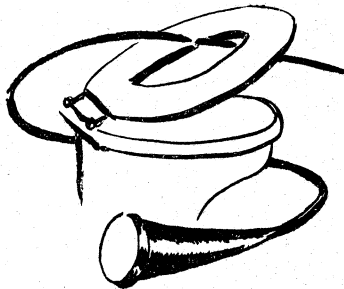
*Once we had our airways, over land and sea,
If we missed a landing strip, we perched them in a tree.
We had to fight the generals to keep our planes and stuff,
Now we've got the generals tamed, the admirals they get tough.*



*Once we used a landing strip, but now we use the deck,
When they merged the services, we got it in the neck.
We had our Army troubles, and things were all SNAFU,
Christ, you ought to see us now—we've got the Navy's too.*



*Once we flew our cargoes, or else we flew some VIPS,
Now they send us out in planes, and bring us back in ships.
We used to use relief cups, but now we use the head,
We aren't allowed to leave the field, we go ashore instead.*



I HAVE RETURNED

(Tune: "Johnny Comes Marching Home Again")

When Doug MacArthur at last went back,
"I have returned"

He followed the fox-hunting pigboats' track,
"I have returned"

Oh, carrier planes were overhead
And battleships turrets emitted lead
So the General could go ashore, it is said,
Singing "I have returned."

CincPoa divisions were at his side,
"I have returned"

And PhibsPacFor provided the ride,
"I have returned"

Oh, the subs went up the sea of Japan
And the carriers ranged from Taiwan to Bataan
So the General could land, according to plan,
Singing "I have returned."

MacArthur enlisted God by prayer,
"I have returned"

But God decided he wouldn't be there,
"I have returned"

But to help God went to the utmost limits
For God sent Kinkaid, Halsey and Nimitz
And the General went along to kibitz,
Singing "I have returned."



**SECRET
WEAPON**

OF THE MARINES



(Tune: "Marine Hymn")

*From the shores of Eniwetok to the slopes of Tapachau,
We have fought our country's battles, and we'll fight again right
now.*

*Oh, the Army, Navy, Air Corps, all were present at the scene,
But the guys that got the credit were the United States Marines.
From the rockbound coasts of Garapan to Charan Kanoyas mill,
The marines just barely took a beach, and by God they'd be there
still,*

*But they sent the 27th in to stop those banzai screams,
For we are the secret weapon of the United States Marines.*

J I N E

(Tune: "Solomon Levi")

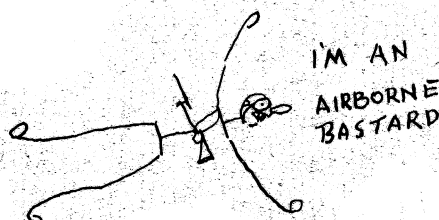
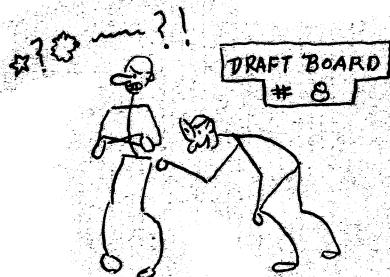
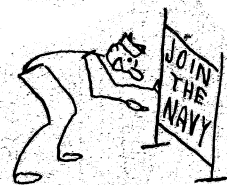
*Oh, I jined the U. S. Air Force, a pilot for to be,
The bastards put me in the brig and I ended on KP.
I thought I knew the answers and had them on my tongue,
When all of a sudden I found myself shouldering up a gun.*

*I got myself a section eight, the Navy for to try,
They welcomed me with open arms and I was pretty sly.
I said I'd left the Air Force 'cause they wouldn't let me fly,
The Navy said, "Just stick around, we'll try you by and by."*

*Oh, they put me into training and christened me a boot,
Then handed me a bigger gun than I'd ever tried to shoot.
We marched around the goddam deck till I was fit to die,
I prayed for hands on the bosun's mate and a chance to black his eye.*

*Oh, finally when the ship one day got close enough to shore,
I scurried down the ratline, Navy life my goal no more.
I dragged myself to the nearest town to get my ashes hauled,
Then off to the nearest draft board to get myself recalled.*

*The doctors felt me over to see if I was warm,
Then planked my ass right back in camp, a member of the Airborne.
I says to myself you're gettin' around, but then it's fun to try,
And at last you're goin' to get a whack at learnin' how to fly.*



'EM ALL

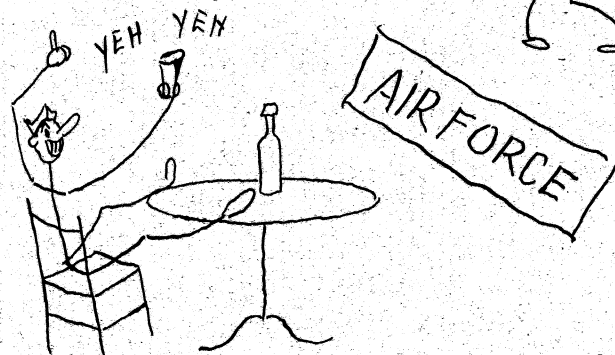
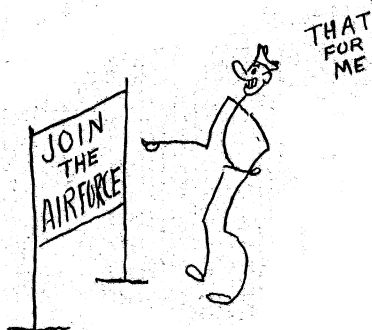
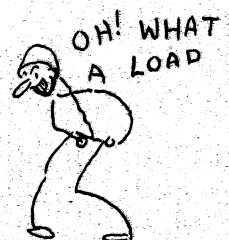
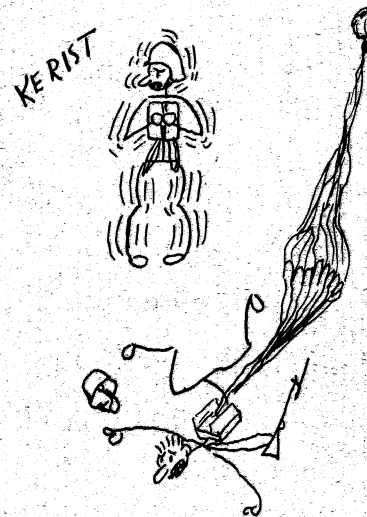
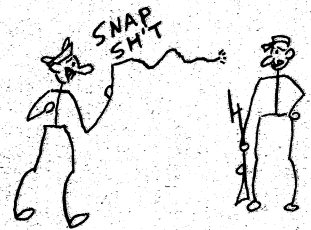
Since I'd run me out of services I had no place to go,
So I stuck around at Benning to give the 'Chutes a show.
Every time I went two feet, I did it on the run,
Carrying everything in the camp, including another gun.

They picked the meanest bastards and made 'em drill us hard,
They never even gave us a chance to pick up a pack of cards.
They showed us how to pack our chute, and how to rightly space
it,
And promised if it didn't work, they'd soon enough replace it.

The final day at last arrived and we went out to fly,
It couldn't have been a better one, it was a perfect sky.
The lads were having trouble with their harnesses and straps,
While a couple of wise guys sat in the tail shooting a game of
craps.

I for one was glad of the strap that wound around my jowls,
It kept my chin from quivering, but it didn't keep my bowels.
I didn't mind the knocking around or cold and drizzly chills,
But I hated like hell to give a thought to the coming laundry bills.

They told me later I didn't hook up, I ran out the tail so fast,
But pulled my other 'chute just in time to save my aching ass.
Oh, I'm off to join the Air Force where life ain't half so bad.



BENNING SCHOOL FOR BOYS*

(Tune: "A Guy Named Joe")

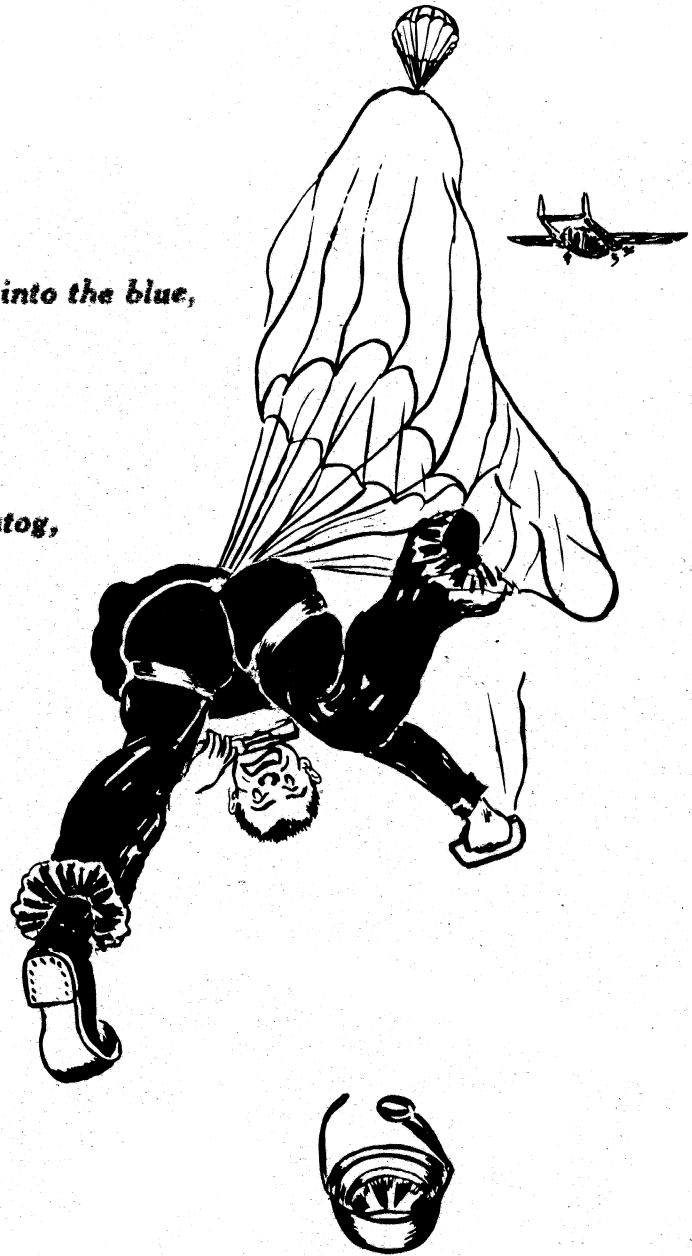
*I came here to jump for Joe,
I don't really need the dough,
I just came here to jump for Joe.*

*That guy has so much courage,
You should see the things he makes us do.
He never bats an eyelash when we leap out into the blue,
Now boots and wings don't mean a thing,
I'd break my back for old Joe Swing
I just came here to jump for Joe.*

*High above the Chattahoochie on the Youcatog,
Stands our own, our alma mater,
Benning School for Boys.*

*Forward ever, backward never,
Follow me and die.
To the port of embarkation,
Next of kin, goodbye.*

**To Gen. Joe Swing*



THE SERVICE BOAST

*Oh, you've heard of the Navy and the men who sail the seas,
For the glory of our country's colors fair.
For the glory of the blue and gold our team is here today,
And we'll cheer them as through Army's line they tear.
Oh, there'll be high elation on the far China Station,
From Crab-town to ships at Timbuctoo.
And we'll drink a merry toast to our team,
The Service Toast,
And the wearers of the good old Navy Blue.*

(NON-CONFORMIST VERSION)

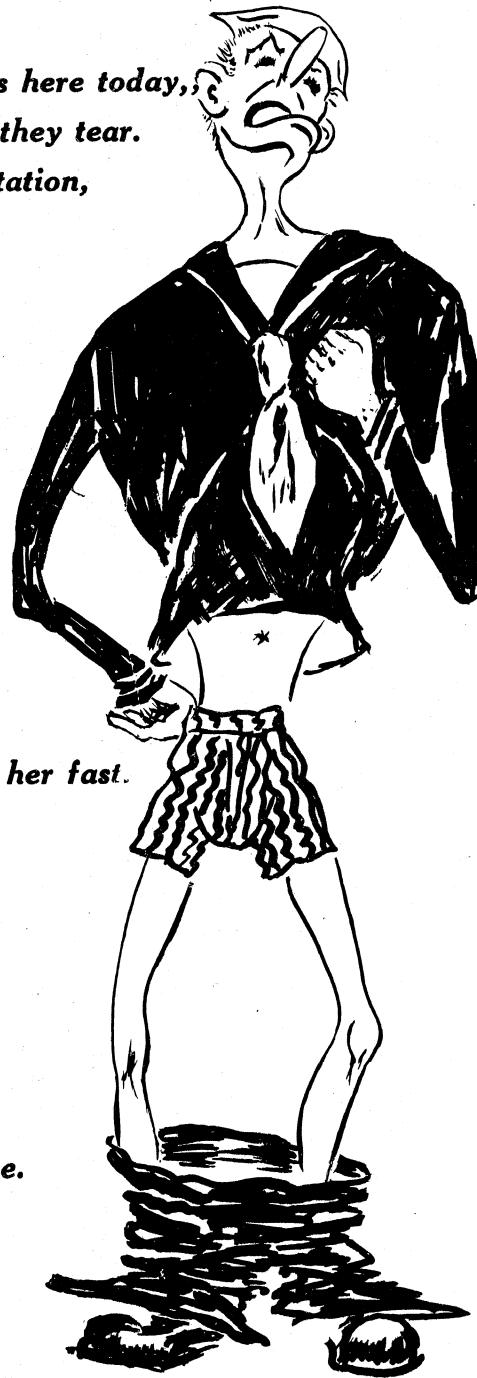
*Oh, there must be high elation
When they all go out to station,
Their sixteen inch guns shoot fore and aft.
They're bold sailors on a spree,
But they're mostly sick at sea,
When they head her for the rocks and make her fast.*

(CHORUS)

*Have I heard of the Navy?
Yes, I've heard of the Navy
And I'm just a little tired of hearing, too.
So we'll drink a merry toast
To the men who love to boast
They're the wearers of the good old Navy blue.*

*Oh, the skippers of the freighters,
They sometimes read the papers, and
I wonder what they think of our Navee.
From the admiral on the bridge
To the lowest midship midge
They have run aground in all the seven seas.*

(REPEAT CHORUS)



SHANTY TOWN

(Tune: "Shanty In Old Shanty Town")

*A Shanty Town there is by the name of Rufisque,
It's the one spot on earth that I'll never miss,
The women run around with a naked skin of brown,
Never saw such lips or such swaying hips.*

*We're the combat men of the ATC,
They gave us a gun and shipped us overseas,
And the gun we got sure is a pip,
We load it up with a bottle of flit.*

*We're tired of it all and we wanna go back,
Away from the WOGS and the little grass shacks,
There never was a spot this side of hell
That ever gave off such a gol-derned smell.*

*If I stay away from rum and stick to peanut beer,
I won't blow my top for another year,
Then a furlough I'll get, for the law's been passed
After three years here we get an overnight pass.*



CO-PILOT'S Lament



(Tune: "The Cowboy's Lament")

*I'm the co-pilot . . . I sit on the right,
It's up to me to be quick and bright.
I never talk back, for I'll have regrets
And I must remember what the captain forgets.*

*I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring.*

*I take the readings and adjust the power,
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,
Tell where we are on the darkest night,
And do all the book work without any light.*

*I call for my captain and buy him cokes,
I always laugh at his corny jokes,
And once in awhile when his landings are rusty
I come through with "Gosh, ain't it gusty?"*

*All in all, I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge.
But maybe some day with great understanding,
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.*

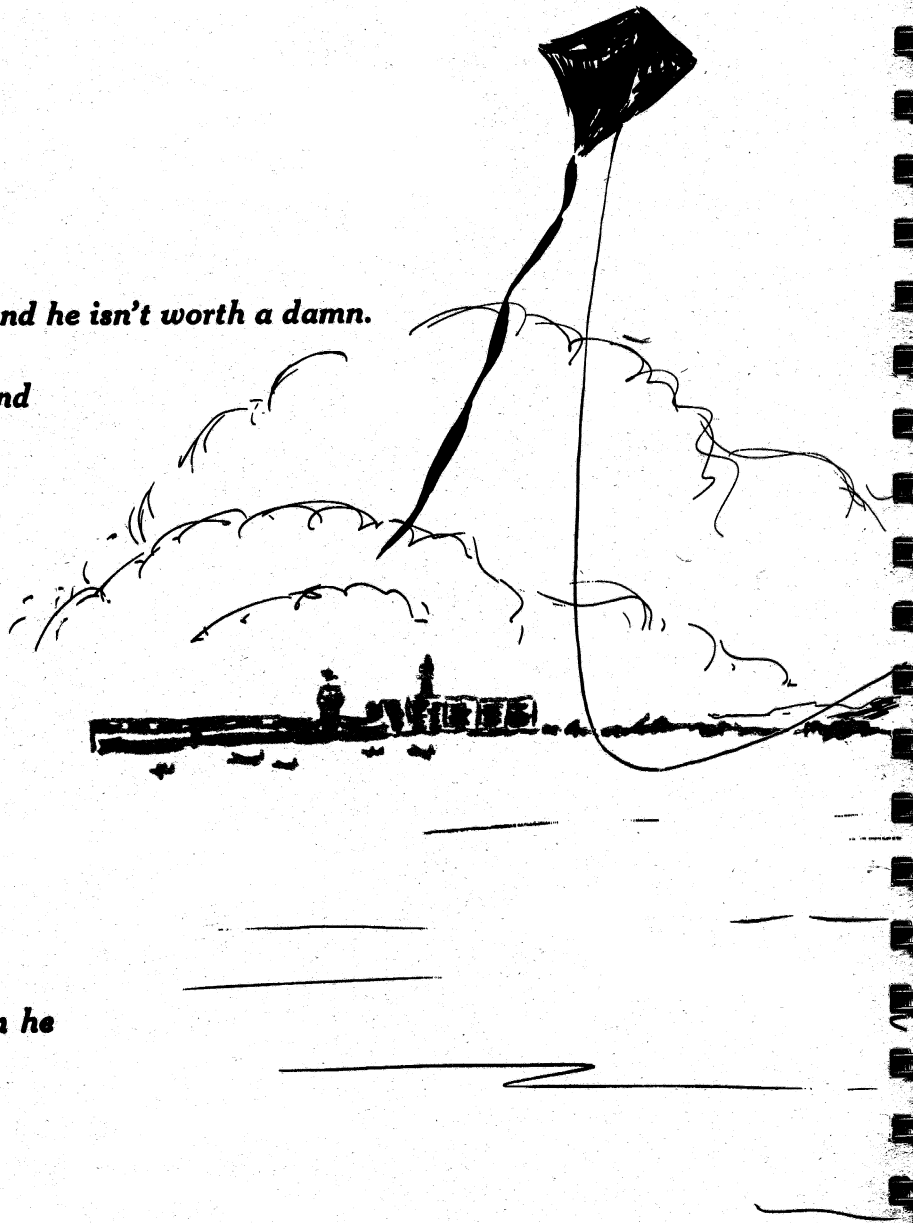
The AEROPLANE

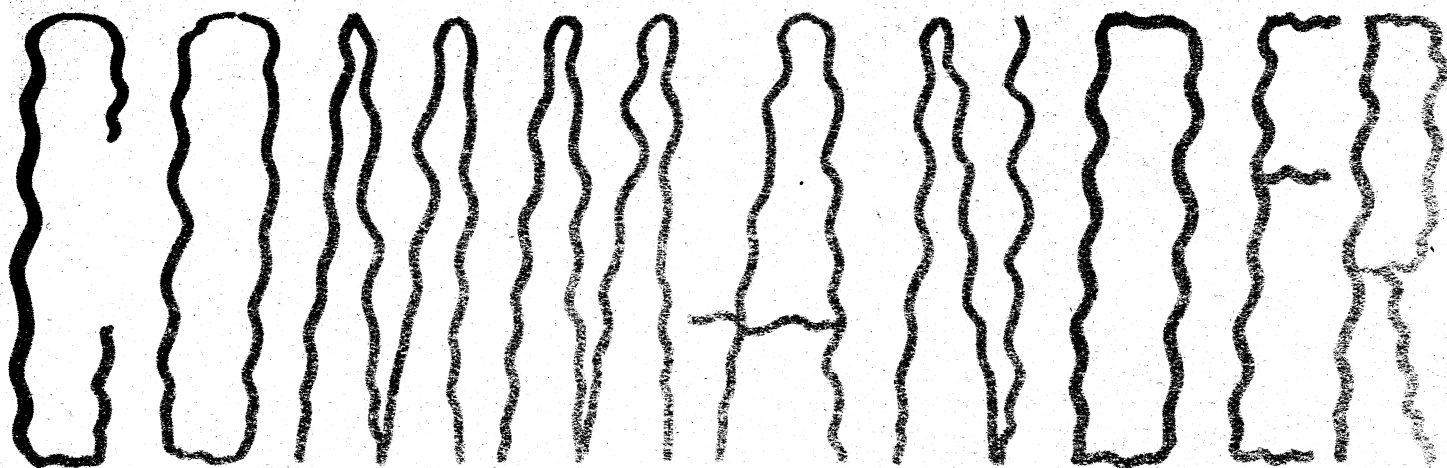
(Tune: "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech")

*If you ever see a guy,
With lots of age and rank,
Who's just about as useful
As an empty bellytank;
Who hardly ever flies at all,
Who's quiet as a lamb . . .
It's an Aeroplane Commander, and he isn't worth a damn.*

*For up in Washington they found
The Air Corps had a lot
Of broken down old pilots
Who weren't very hot;
So they gave a fancy rating
To each decrepit lout;
Thus we got Command Pilots,
You can see them all about.*

*When he gets inside a ship
We help him to his seat.
We tell him to be careful
Not to get beneath our feet.
We let him hold the maps when he
Would like to bear a hand,
But as Aeroplane Commander
He can't take her off or land.*





*When the gyropilot's on
And everything is sweet,
We sometimes let him come and take
The young co-pilot's seat.
He thinks the plane is guided by
A pair of leather reins,
For he's got three thousand hours, but
He ain't got any brains.*

*He doesn't take command at all
He's always fast asleep,
And when we ask for his advice
He doesn't give a peep.
But when we roll her in a ball
With lots of noise and flame,
It's the Aeroplane Commander
Who always takes the blame.*

*He's lost what flying skill he's had
He's old and broken down;
Young pilots all feel sorry for
This poor enfeebled clown.
Instead of feeling sorry
They should all be pretty glum,
They'll be Aeroplane Commanders, too,
In the years to come.*





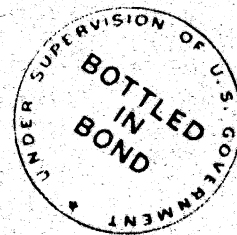
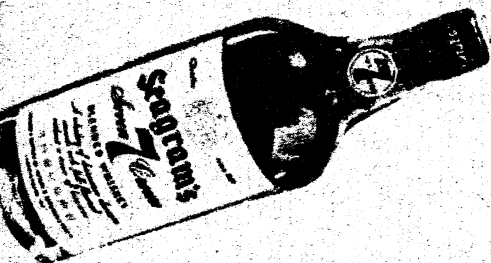
QUARTERMASTER CORPS

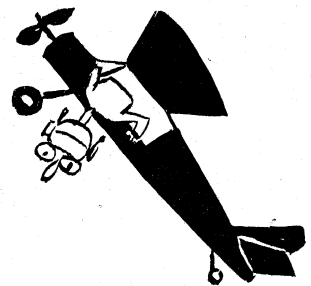
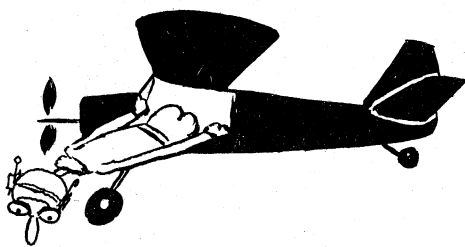
*My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me.
I have not brought my specs with me.*

*It's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey,
That makes you feel so frisky
In the Corps, in the Corps.
It's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky,
In the Quartermaster Corps.*

*It's gin, gin, gin,
That makes you want to sin
In the Corps, in the Corps.
It's gin, gin, gin
That makes you want to sin,
In the Quartermaster Corps.*

*It's rum, rum, rum,
That makes you feel so glum
In the Corps, in the Corps.
It's rum, rum, rum
That makes you feel so glum.*





THE GRASSHOPPER SONG

(Tune: "As the Caissons Go Rolling Along")

Over clouds, under wires,
To hell with landing gear and tires,
We're the eyes of the Artillery.
In and out, through the trees,
We're as hard to find as fleas,
We're the eyes of the Artillery.

(CHORUS)

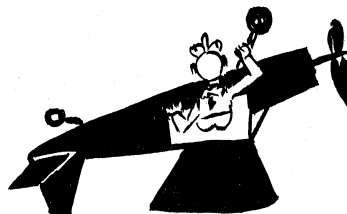
Then it's fly, fly, see!
For the Field Artillery,
Send down your data loud and clear—

RANGE CORRECT!

Oh, we'll give the Axis fits
With our Maytag Messerschmitts,
We're the Grasshopper Artillery!!

We don't wear spurs or boots,
And we fly too low for 'chutes,
We're the eyes of the Artillery.
We don't mind the mud or sand,
We don't need much room to land,
We're the eyes of the Artillery.

(REPEAT CHORUS)



Ask Me Where the Privates Are

(Tune: "Where They Are")

*Ask me where the Privates are, I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are, yes, I'll tell you where they are,
Ask me where the Privates are, I'll tell you where they are,
"Up to their necks in mud."*

*I saw them, I saw them, up to their necks in mud;
I saw them up to their necks in mud.*

*You ask me where the Corporals are, I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are, yes, I'll tell you where they are,
You ask me where the Corporals are, I'll tell you where they are,
"Mending the broken wire."*

*I saw them, I saw them, mending the broken wire,
I saw them mending the broken wire.*

*You ask me where the Sergeants are, I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are, yes, I'll tell you where they are,
You ask me where the Sergeants are, I'll tell you where they are,
"Drinking up the Privates' rum."*

*I saw them, I saw them, drinking up the Privates' rum,
I saw them drinking up the Privates' rum.*

*You ask me where the officers are, I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are, yes, I'll tell you where they are,
You ask me where the officers are, I'll tell you where they are,
"Down in their deep dug-outs."*

*I saw them, I saw them, down in their deep dug-outs,
I saw them down in their deep dug-outs.*

*You ask me where the Generals are, I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are, yes, I'll tell you where they are,
You ask me where the Generals are, I'll tell you where they are,
"Back in gay Paree."*

*I saw them, I saw them, back in gay Paree,
I saw them back in gay Paree.*

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT

(Tune: "Barnacle Bill, the Sailor")

"The Air Corps is the life for me," said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an Aviator.

"I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy.

"I'll make the people moan and cry," said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"Pretty soon you'll lose that grin," said the fair young maiden,

"Pretty soon you'll lose that grin," said the fair young maiden.

"I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff," said Bill, the Aviator.

"I'll fly this ship till I've had enough," said Bill, the Aviator.

"I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel-roll and a spin,

"I know a prop, I know a knock, and I know an elevator."

"You're out of gas and must go down," wailed the fair young maiden,

"You're out of gas and must go down," wailed the fair young maiden.

"I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in," roared Bill, the Aviator.

"I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin," roared Bill, the Aviator.

He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick,

And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"Here's some flowers for his grave," sobbed the fair young maiden,

"Here's some flowers for his grave," sobbed the fair young maiden.

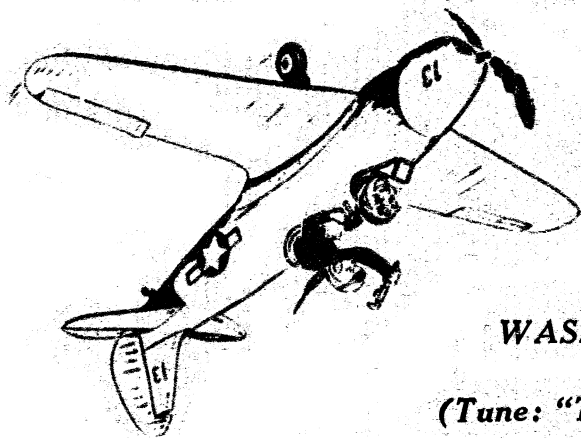
HAZY MAZY*

(Tune: "Bicycle Built for Two")

*Hazy Mazy, what are you trying to do?
I'm half crazy, trying to follow through.
You can't do good precision, you won't make a decision,
But you'd look sweet, upon the seat of a parachute Thirty-two.*

*Hazy Mazy, your pattern is all astray,
You know darn well I taught you another way.
You shove the stick in my tummy and then you think it's funny;
I can't forget the crack in the neck you gave me the other day.*

*Hazy Mazy, all your maneuvers stink!
Why the devil didn't you learn to think?
You spin just like a top, I think you'll never stop.
I think it best you take a rest on a bicycle built for two.*



WASHOUT DIRGE*



(Tune: "The Funeral March")

*Check Flight Instructor was after me today,
Too late for me to get on my knees and pray,
Oh, how he spun me, now you must shun me—fo-o-r
Check Flight Instructor was after me today.*

*Clothes packed, I'm leaving, my flying days are done,
Home to raise babies, the Army says it's fun.
Making tiny garments, luck to you varmints—fo-o-r
Check Flight Instructor was after me today.*

*WASPS Training Songs.

BOOTS

(Tune: "Song of Burgundy")

*We are the men in 'chutes,
Tough men in jumping boots,
Jumping down to victory—
We are the Paratroops!*

*Hard-hitting paratroopers
Jumping down to victory.
Stand Up! Hook Up!
Hit the door—and GO!!
Downward, earthward
Our silken banners flow.*

*Lift up your heads
And shout it—*

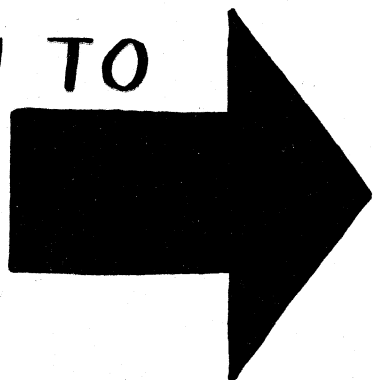
There it is!

Doubt about it?

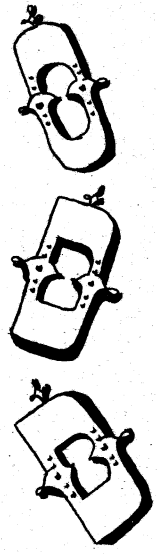
We're jumping down to victory:

GERONIMO!

AND ON TO



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AND

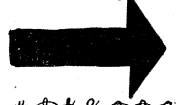
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal

*Oh, the north country is a cold country,
It harbors a bloody brood,
And it's icy arms hold hidden charms
For the sinful, the greedy, the lewd.
Strong men rust from the gold and the lust
That sears the northern soul;
But the wickedest born from the Pole to the Horn
Is the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.*

*Now, Jacob Kaine was the Hermit's name;
In the days of his pious youth
He cast a smirch on the Baptist Church
By betraying a girl named Ruth.
But strong men quake at "Yukon Jake,"
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal,
For that is the name by which Jacob Kaine
Was known from Nome to the Pole.*

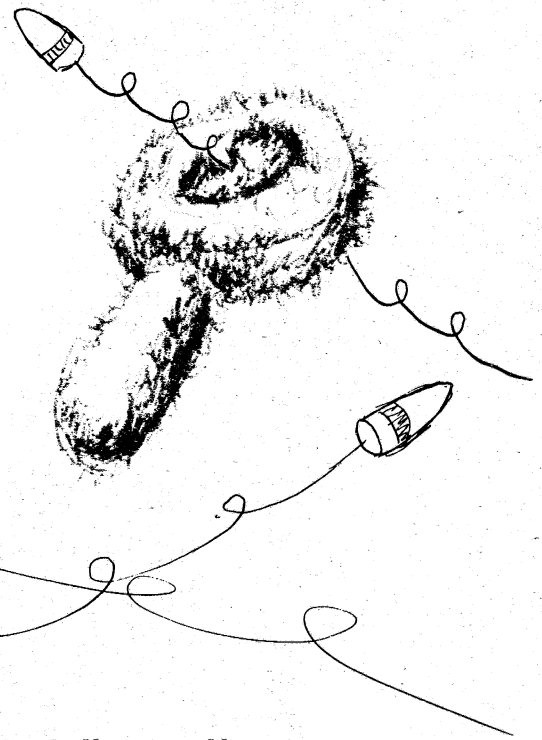
*He was just a boy, the parson's job,
'Ere he fell for the gold and the muck,
And he learned to pray with the hog and the hay
On a farm near Keokuk.
But a Service tale of illicit kale,
And whiskey and women wild,
Drained the morals clean as a soup tureen
From this poor but honest child.*

Will Jake get
the girl? Will
the girl get
Jake? SEE
next page!



The Hermit Of

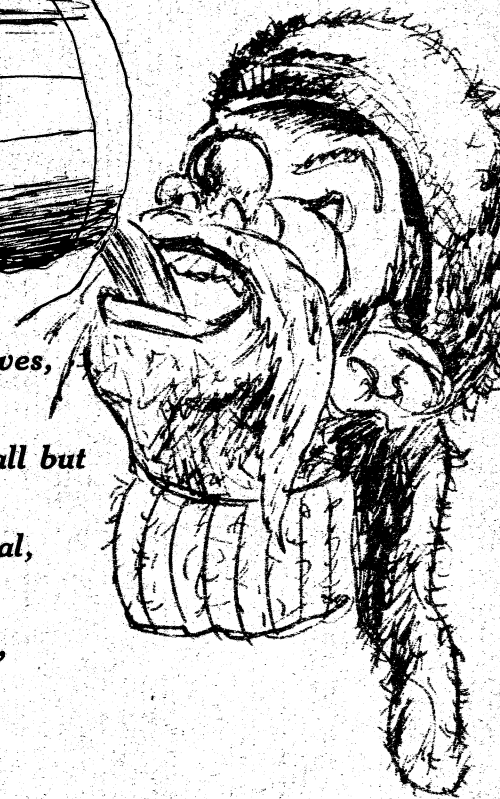
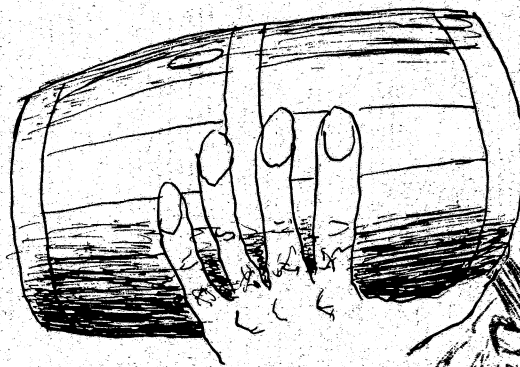
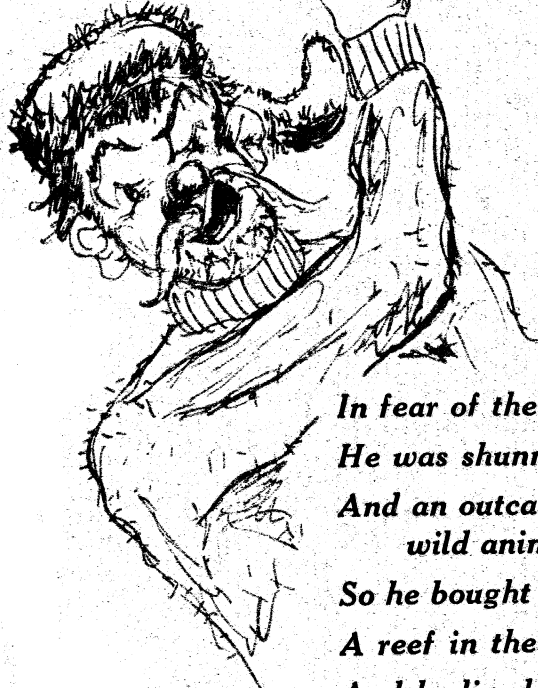
*He longed for the bite of a Yukon night,
And the northern lights' weird flicker,
Or a game of stud in the frozen mud,
And the taste of raw red liquor.
He wanted to mush along in the slush
With a team of husky hounds,
And to fire his gat at a beaver hat
And to knock it out of bounds.*



*So he left his home for the hell-town, Nome,
On Alaska's ice ribbed shores,
And learned to drink and curse and worse,
'Til the rum dripped from his pores.
When the boys on a spree were whooping it free
In a Malamute Saloon,
And Dan McGrew with his dangerous crew
Shot craps with a piebald coon.
When the kid on the stool banged away like a fool,
At a jig-time melody,
And the barkeep 'lowed to a hard-boiled crowd,
That he'd cremate Sam McGee,
Then Jacob Kaine who had taken the name
Of "Yukon Jake, the Killer,"
Would rake the dive with his forty-five
'Til the atmosphere grew chilly.
With a sharp command he'd make 'em stand
And deliver their hard earned dust,
And drink to the bar of rum and rye, as a
Klondike bully must.*

Shark Tooth Shoal (cont.)

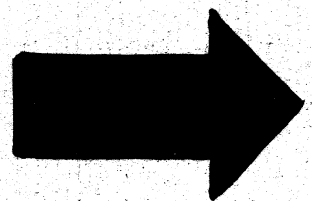
*Without coming to blows he would tweak the nose
Of Dangerous Dan McGrew,
And becoming bolder, throw over his shoulder
The lady known as Lou.
Oh, tough as a steak was Yukon Jake,
Hard-boiled as a picnic egg;
He washed his shirt in Klondike dirt,
And drank his rum by the keg.*



*In fear of their lives, or because of their wives,
He was shunned by the best of his pals,
And an outcast he from the comraderie of all but
wild animals.
So he bought the whole of Shark Tooth Shoal,
A reef in the Bering Sea;
And he lived by himself on a sea-lion shelf,
In lonely iniquity.*

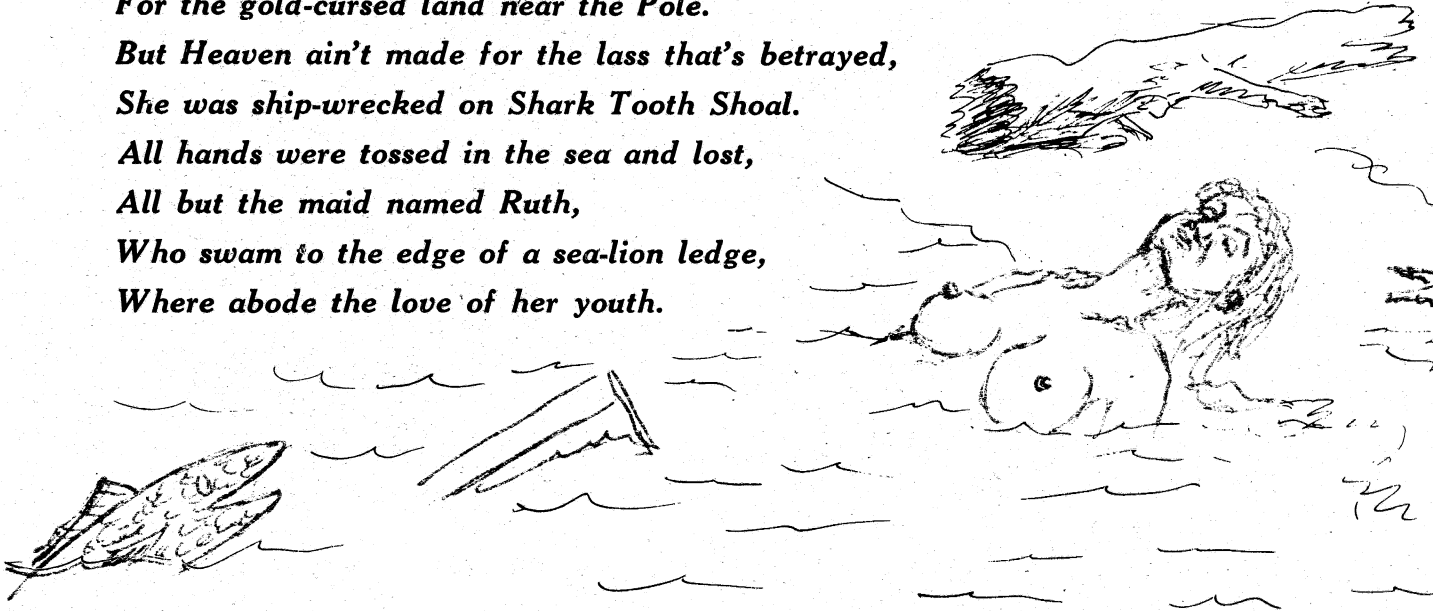
*But far away in Keokuk, Iowa,
Did the ruined make a fight
To remove the smirch from the Baptist Church,
By bringing the heathen light.
And the elders declared that all would be squared,
If she carried the Holy words,
From her Keokuk home to the hell-town Nome,
To save those sinful birds.*

*Don't stop now!
It's just getting good!
Turn the page!*

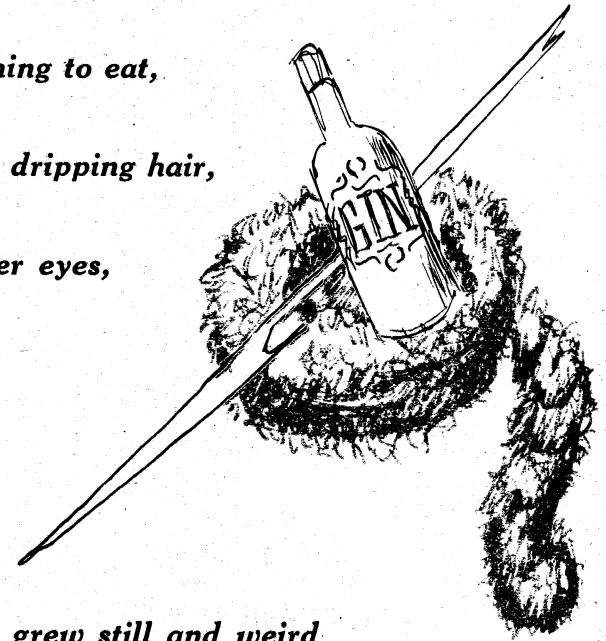
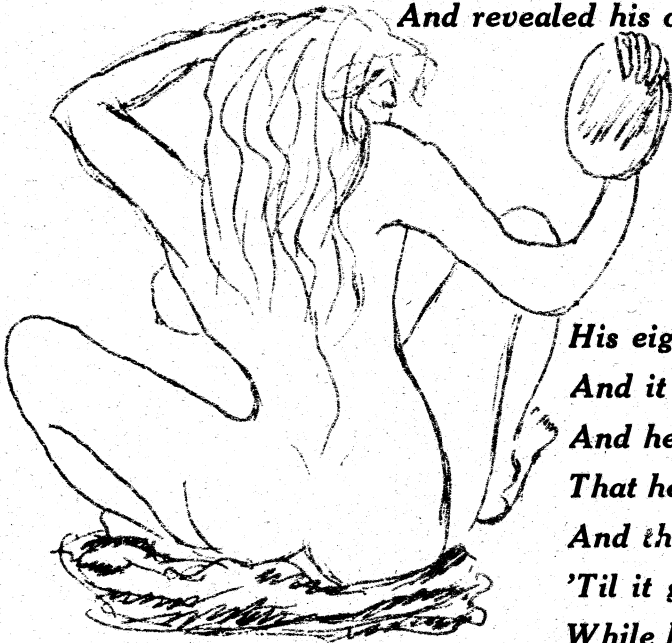


The Hermit Of

*So two weeks later she took a freighter,
For the gold-cursed land near the Pole.
But Heaven ain't made for the lass that's betrayed,
She was ship-wrecked on Shark Tooth Shoal.
All hands were tossed in the sea and lost,
All but the maid named Ruth,
Who swam to the edge of a sea-lion ledge,
Where abode the love of her youth.*



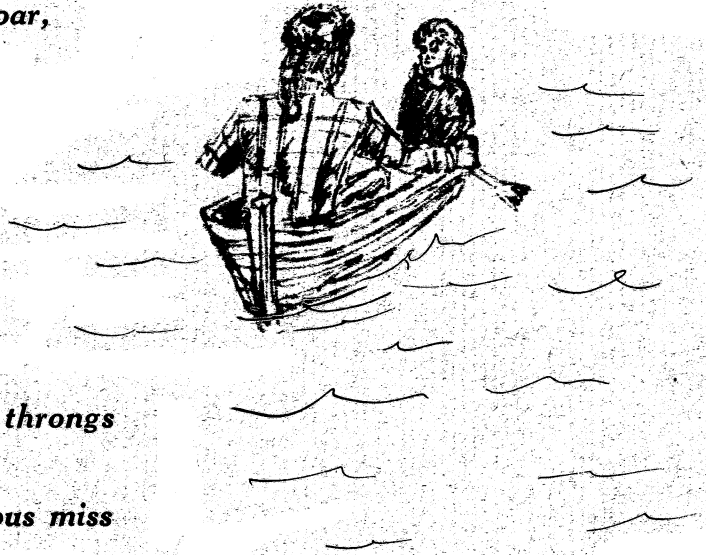
*He was hunting a seal for his evening meal
And he handled a mean harpoon.
When he saw at his feet, not something to eat,
But a girl in a frozen swoon,
Whom he dragged to his lair, by her dripping hair,
And he rubbed her knees with gin.
To his great surprise she opened her eyes,
And revealed his original sin.*



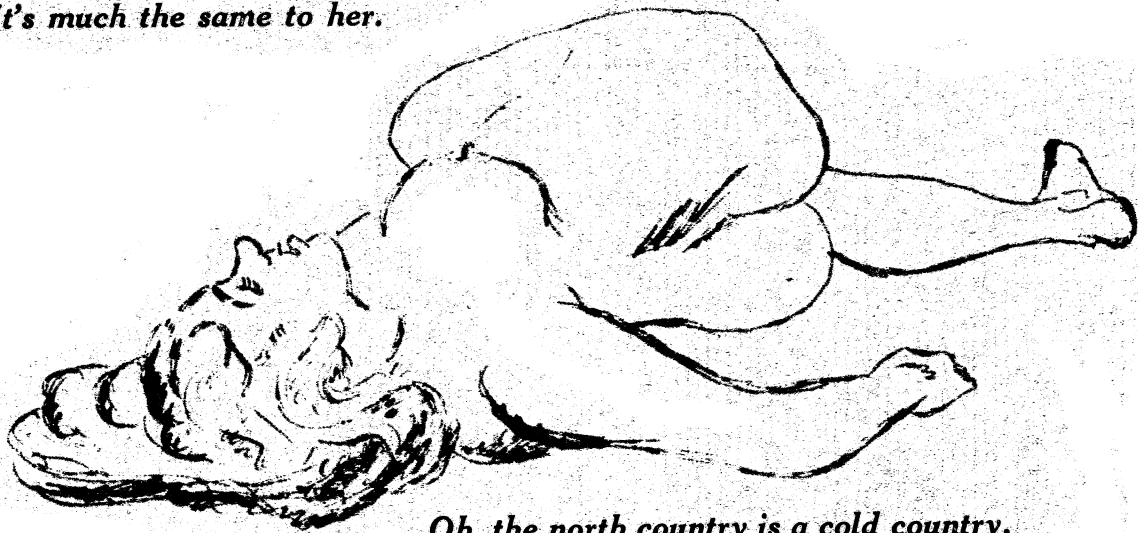
*His eight months' beard grew still and weird
And it felt like a chestnut burr,
And he swore by his gizzard and the Arctic blizzard
That he would do right by her.
And the cold sweat froze on the end of her nose,
'Til it gleamed like a Tecla pearl;
While her bright hair fell like a flame from hell
Down the back of the grateful girl.*

Shark Tooth Shoal (CONCLUDED)

*But a hopeless rake was Yukon Jake,
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal;
And the dizzy maid he re-betrayed
And wrecked his immortal soul.
Then he rowed her ashore with a broken oar,
And sold her to Dan McGrew
For a hot egg-nog and a husky dog,
As rascals are wont to do.*



*Now Ruthless Ruth is a maid uncouth,
With painted cheeks and lips,
And she sings rude songs to the drunken throngs
That come from the sealing ships.
For a rouge-stained kiss from this infamous miss
They will give a seal's sleek fur,
Or perhaps a sable if they are able,
It's much the same to her.*



*Oh, the north country is a cold country,
Mothers a bloody brood,
And its icy arms hold hidden charms
For the greedy, the sinful, the lewd.
Strong men rust from the gold and the lust,
That sear the Northern soul;
But the wickedest born from the Pole to the Horn,
Was the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.*

THE FROZEN NORTH

*Away up yonder in the frozen north,
In the land of the Eskimo,
I got stranded on the Sarah Jane.*

*I don't care if we never get home again,
For the Queen up there is called "Gum Drop Sue"
And for me she's mighty strong.
Oh, the King's in wrong and I'm in right,
And the fool goes out 'most ev'ry night,
And the nights are six months long!*



SAMUEL HALL

*Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
Oh, my name is Samuel Hall,
And I hate you one and all,
You're a lot of muckers all . . . damn your eyes!*

*Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,
Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, for I hit him on the head,
And I left him there for dead . . .
Damn his eyes!*

*And they put me in the quad, in the quad,
Yes, they put me in the quad with a chain and iron rod,
And they left me there, by God . . .
Damn their eyes!*

*Oh, the parson he did come, he did come,
Oh, the parson he did come and he looked so bloody
glum,
As he talked of kingdom come . . .
Damn his eyes!*

*And the sheriff he came too, he came too,
And the sheriff he came too, with his bloody boy in blue,
They've a hanging job to do . . .
Damn their eyes!*

*So, its up the rope I go, up I go,
So, it's up the rope I go with my friends all down below,
Saying, "Sam, I told you so" . . .
Damn their eyes!*

*Oh, let this be my knell, be my knell,
Oh, let this be my knell, as ye listen to my yell,
Hope to God you sizzle well . . .
Damn your eyes!*

STREET URCHINS' MEDLEY

(Tune: "Roll Dem Bones")

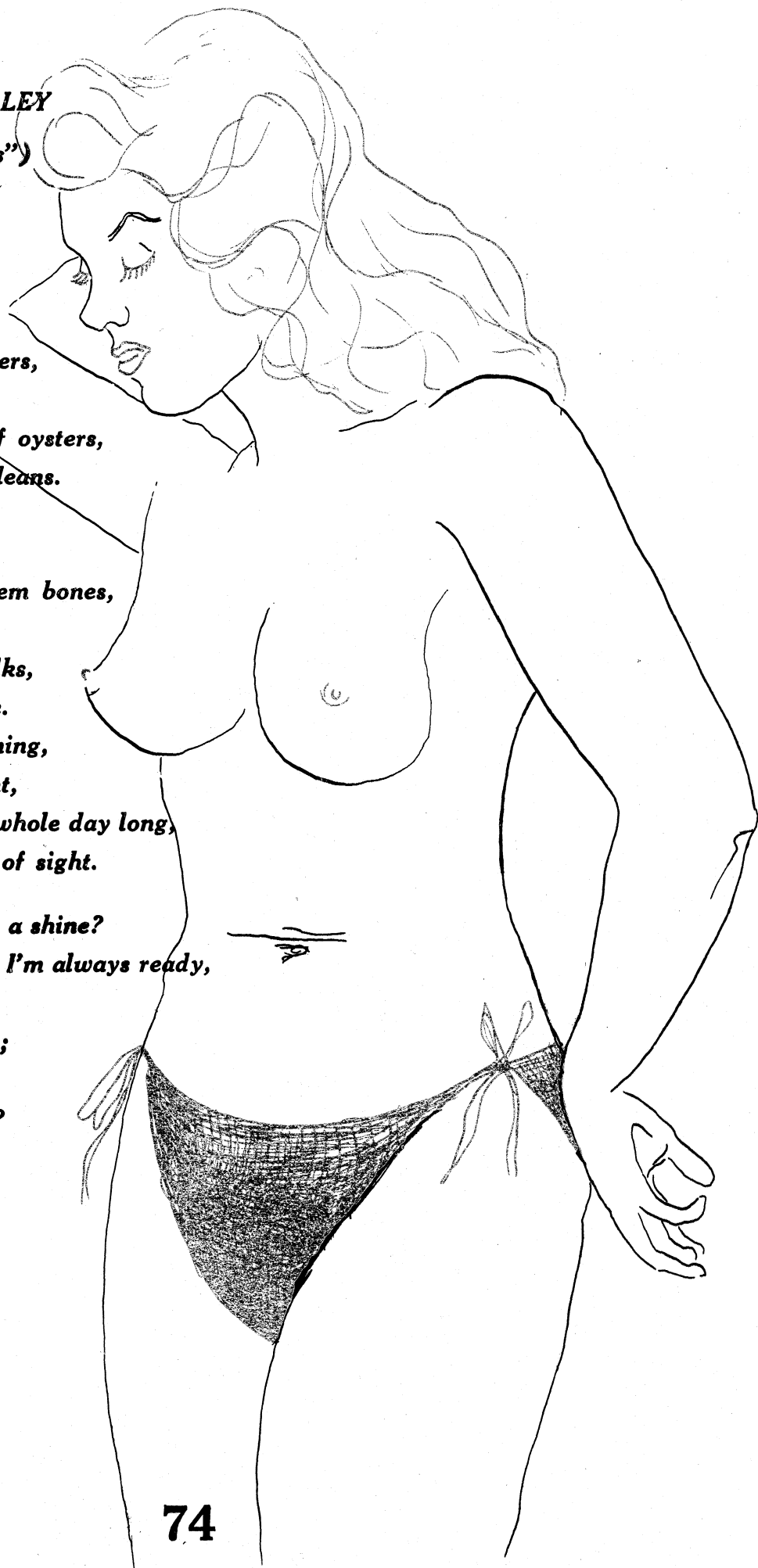
*Sing a song of cities,
Cities great and small;
Rhyming little ditties
Tell about them all.
New York has her lobsters,
Boston has her beans,
Baltimore's the place of oysters,
But for 'lasses, New Orleans.*

(CHORUS)

*Roll dem bones, roll dem bones,
Roll 'em on the square,
Roll 'em on the sidewalks,
The street or anywhere.
We roll 'em in the morning,
We roll 'em in the night,
We roll dem bones the whole day long,
While the cops are out of sight.*

*Shine, shine, who wants a shine?
My name is Teddy, and I'm always ready,
My brushes are new,
And my blacking is fine;
Hi there! Mister!
Don't you want a shine?*

(REPEAT CHORUS)



THE UNRECONSTRUCTED REBEL

*I'm a good old Rebel soldier,
And that's just what I am,
And for this great land of freedom
I do not give a damn.
I'm glad we fit against it; I only wish we'd won
And I don't ask no pardon for anything I done.*

*I hate the Yankee nation and everything they do,
I hate the Emancipation Proclamation, too.
I hate their striped banner, 'tis dripping with our blood
And those goddam thieving Yankees, I fit 'em all I could.*

*I hate the Freedman's Bureau, the uniform of blue,
I hate the Declaration of Independence, too.
I hate their nasty eagle, and all his ways of fuss
And those goddam thievin' Yankees, I hate 'em wuss and
wuss.*

*I followed old Marse Robert for four years, nigh about,
Got wounded at Manassas and stormed at Point Lookout.
I caught the rheumatism for camping in the snow,
And I killed a choice of Yankees, and I'd like to kill some
more.*

*Three hundred thousand Yankees lie stiff in southern
dust,
We got three hundred thousand before they conquered
us.
They died of southern fever, and southern shot and
shell,
Oh, I wish it been three million more, goddam 'em
all to hell.*

*Got to put up my musket, can't fight 'em any more,
But I ain't gonna love 'em and that is certain sure,
And I don't ask no pardon, suh, for what I was or am
And they ain't gonna reconstruct me, and I do not give
a DAMN.*



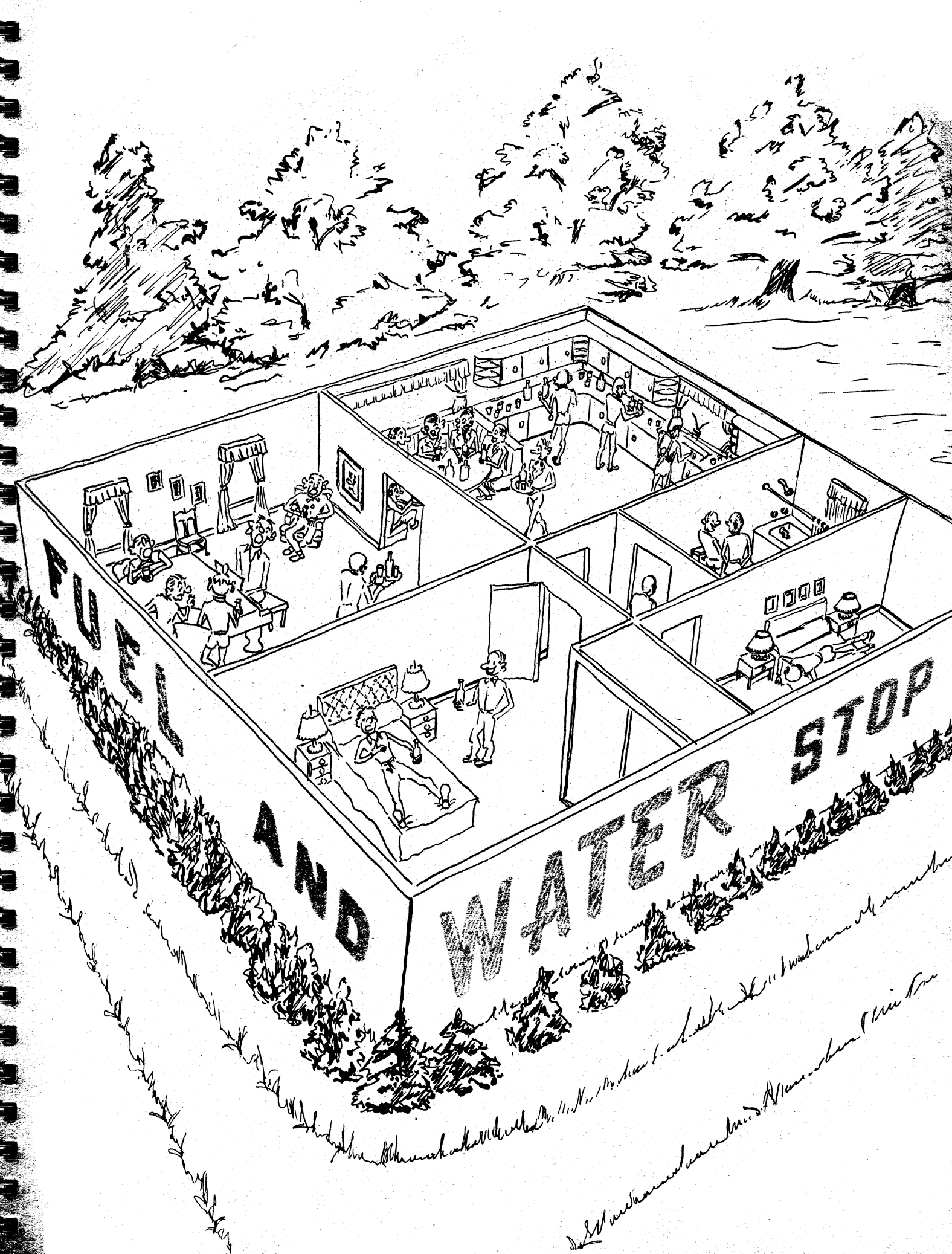
LOVELY HULA HANDS

*Lovely hula hands,
Graceful as the birds in motion,
Gliding like the gulls o'er the ocean,
Lovely hula hands Kou-lima-nani-e.*

*Lovely hula hands,
Telling of the rain in the valley
And the swirling winds o'er the pali,
Lovely hula hands Kou-lima-nani-e.*

*I can feel the soft caresses
Of your hula hands, your lovely hula hands.
Every little move expresses,
So I'll understand all the tender meaning
Of your hula hands.*

*Finger tips that say "aloha,"
Say to me again "I love you,"
Lovely hula hands
Kou-lima-nani-e.*



FUEL

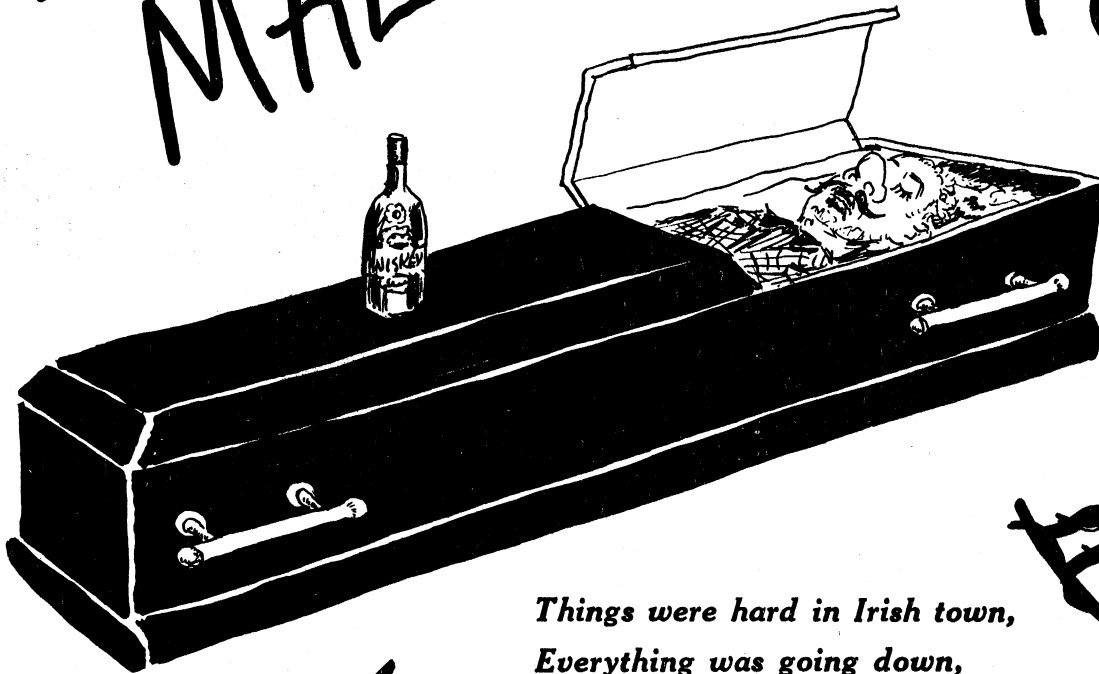
AND

WATER

STOP

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PAT MALONE FORGOT

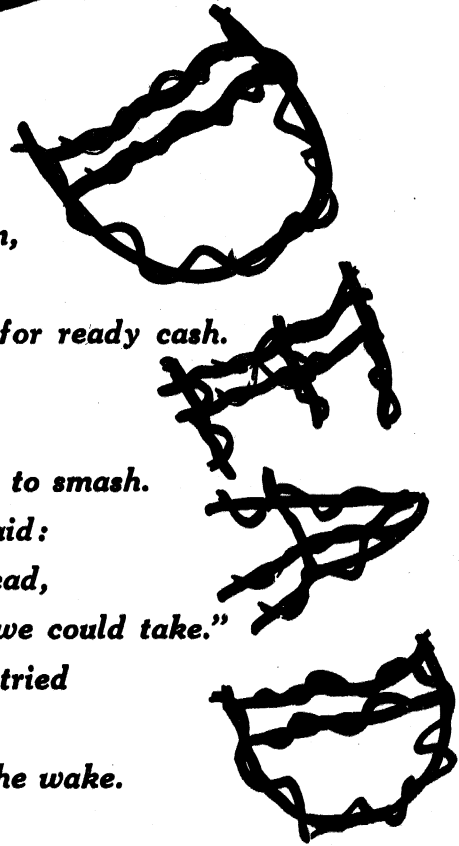


*Things were hard in Irish town,
Everything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pressed for ready cash.
He for life insurance spent
All his money to a cent,
And all of his affairs had gone to smash.
When his wife spoke up and said:
"Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,
"The twenty thousand dollars we could take."
Then Pat Malone lay down and tried
To make out that he had died,
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake.*

(CHORUS)

*Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
He raised up and he shouted from the bed:
"It the wake goes on a minute,
"Why, the corpse he must be in it,
"And you've got to keep me drunk to keep me dead."*

THAT
HE
WAS

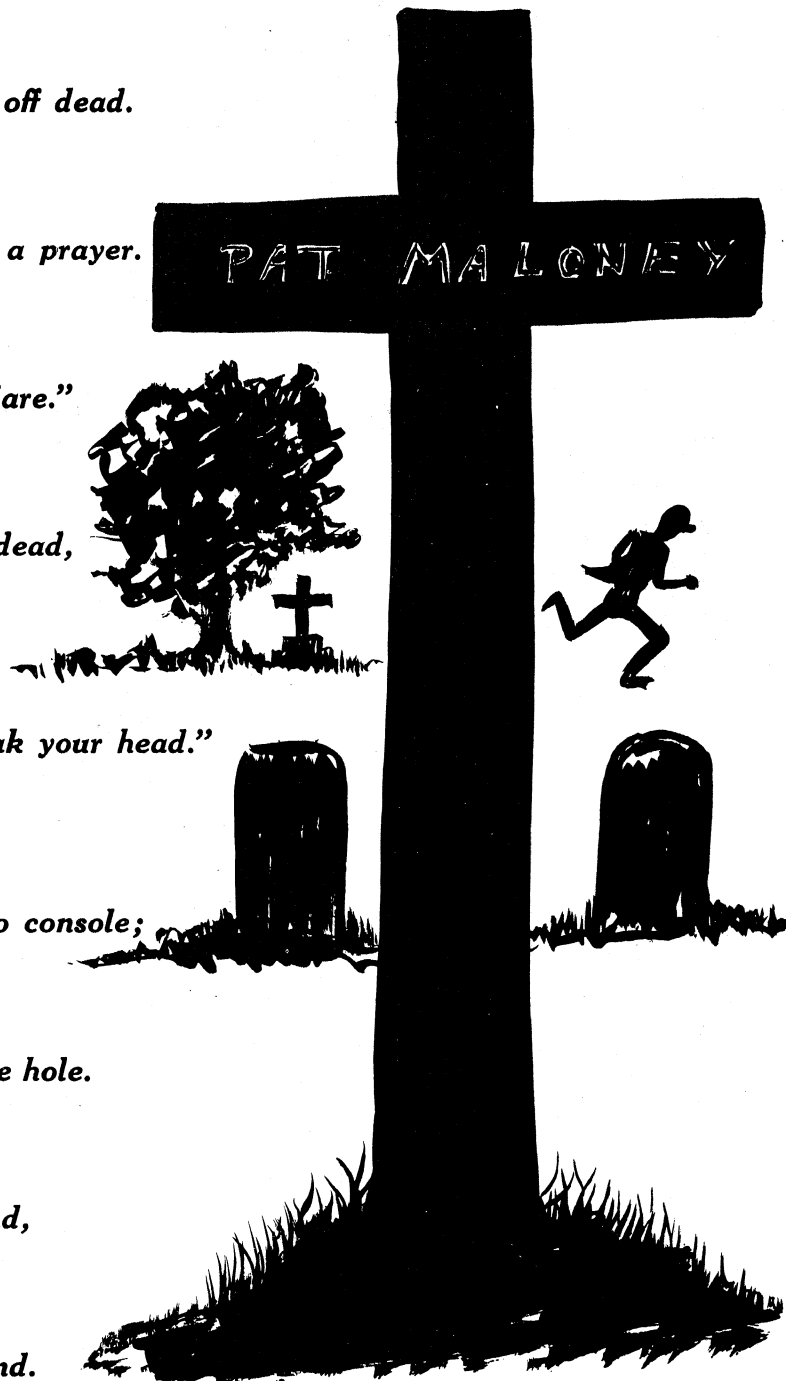


*Then they gave the corpse a cup,
Afterwards they filled him up,
And they laid him out again upon the bed.
At the break of morning gray,
Everybody felt so gay,
That they quite forgot he only played off dead.
So they took him from the bunk,
Still alive, but awful drunk,
And they laid him in the coffin with a prayer.
Then the driver of the car,
He says "Be gobs, I'll never start,
"Until I see that someone pays the fare."*

(NEW CHORUS)

*Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
He sat up in the coffin and he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit,
"You'll be sorry that you said it,
"Drive on or else the corpse will break your head."*

*Then the funeral started out,
On the cemetery route,
And the neighbors tried the widow to console;
Till they landed at the base
Of Malone's last resting place,
And they gently lowered Patrick in the hole.
Then Malone began to see,
Just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end,
So when the clods began to drop,
Pat kicked off the coffin top,
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.*



*Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.
And from the cemetery quickly fled.
He came nearly going under,
It's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.*

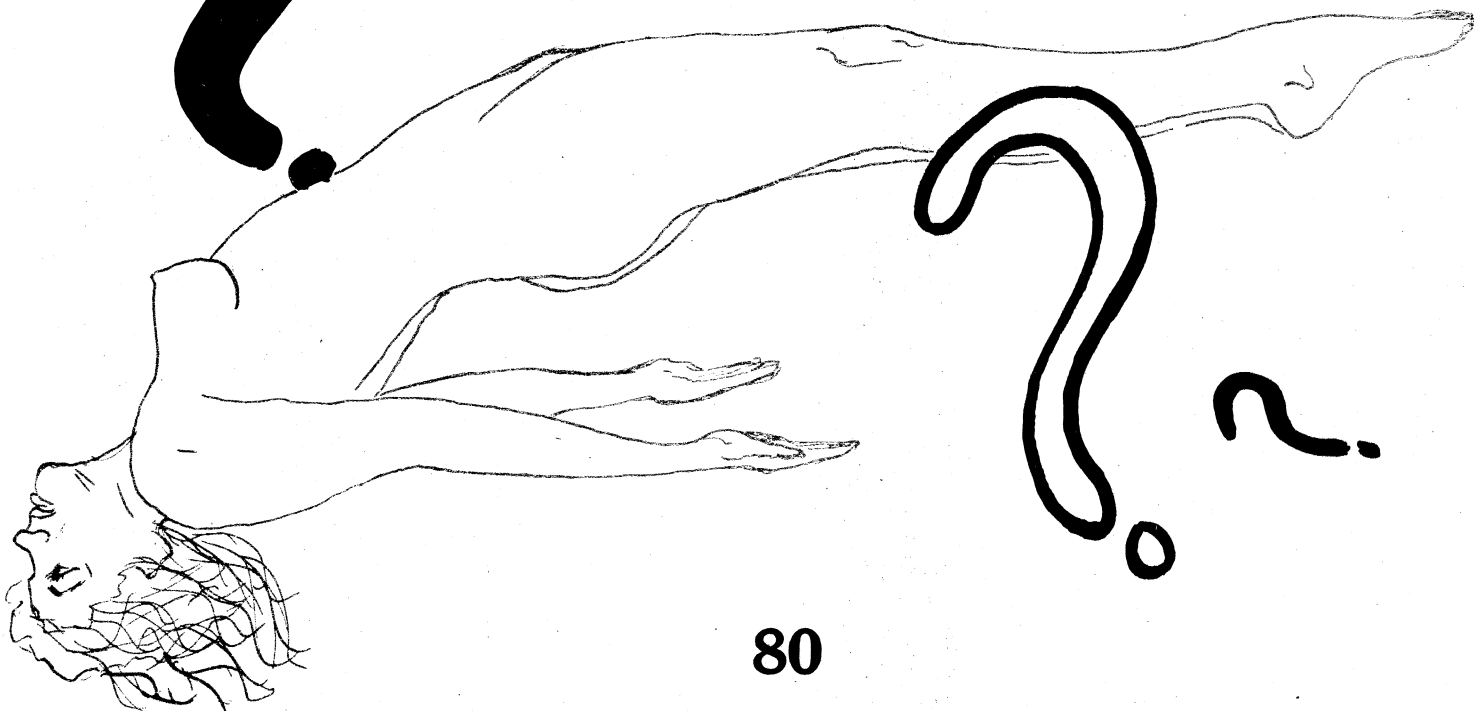


AO ZORA*

(Tune: "Blue Heaven")

*Yugure ni aogi, watashi no ao zora,
Hikureto tadoru wa, wagaya no hoso michi,
Somai nagara mo tanoshi wagaya,
Ai no hikari no sasu tokoro,
Koishi, iye koso, watashi no ao zora.*

**For Translation write to —Oh, forget it, it's probably clean.*



Song of the Philippines

(Tune: "Gay Caballero")

*There once was a Filipino hombre
Who lived on rice, fish and legumbre.
His trousers were wide and his shirt hung outside
For that is the style and costumbre.*

*He lived in a nipa bahay,
That served as bath, stable and sty.
He slept on a mat with the dog and the cat
And the gallos and puercos nearby.*

*His father was a buen Filipino
Who never mixed tubig with vino.
He said: "Me no insurrecto, no got knife, no got bolo,"
But he managed to kill his vecino.*

*His mother, she kept a tienda
And sold to the soldados merienda;
But for cigarettes she made them pay
Cash not chits, day by day.
"Jawbone," she said, "me no comprenda."*

*His brother he was a cochero,
In Manila he made mucho dinero.
Tho' his caballo patay, when the cop was not by,
He fleeced his poor pasajero.*

*His sister was a buena lavandera
Who washed clothes in a nearby estero
On a rock in the stream where the carabaos dream,
Which gave them a perfume ligera.*

*His pueblo it gave a fiesta,
They tried very hard to digest her,
But the mule she had died, with the glanders inside,
And now the familia no esta.*

The Eddystone Light

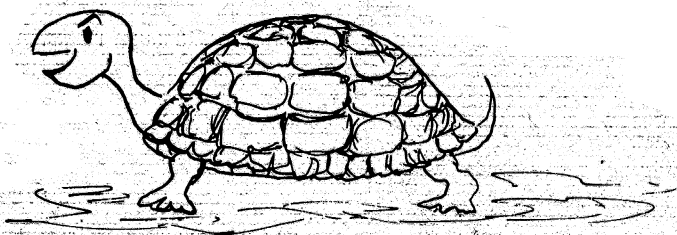
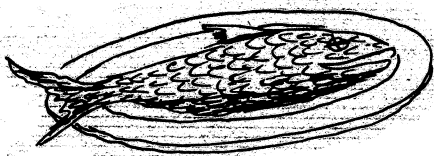
Oh my father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night,
And from this union there came three,
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me!

(CHORUS)

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Ho, for a life on the rolling sea!

Now one night as I was a-trimmin' of the rim,
And a-singin' a verse from the evenin' hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother a-sittin' on a buoy!

(REPEAT CHORUS)



"Now what has become of my children three?"

My mother dear, she asked of me.

"One was exhibited as a talking fish,

"And the other was served in a chafing dish."

(REPEAT CHORUS)

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
And I looked again and my mother wasn't there!
But a voice came echoin' out of the night:

"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

(REPEAT CHORUS)



PHILIPPINITIS

*In eighteen hundred and ninety eight
At the Port of Hong-kong, China,
George Dewey and his lusty men
Were killing lots of time;
And then up spake the Bosun's mate,
"George dear the monsoon's blowing,
"With Don Emilio, by your leave,
"To Manila we'll be going."*

(CHORUS)

*You might think he was loco,
But believe me it's no joke-o,
That thrifty, thrivin, and ka-ni-vin'
Hombre was no bozo.*

*And then John Canson also helped
Cop this land of the banana;
He like da music, he lika da fun,
That's how we got Santana;
And Big Dean Worcester in his time,
He stirred up quite a breez-o;
He preached the doctrine that brought forth
The American Mestizo.*

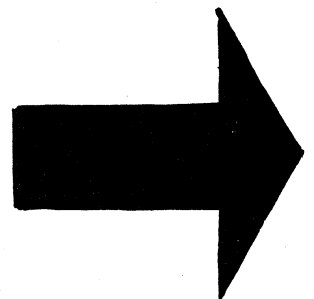
(REPEAT CHORUS)

*Since the time Bill thought he knew it all,
To this place came many a hero,
Who blew his bazoo, shot his wad
And the hombre said, "buen tiro."
But what that hombre really thought
Of the crazy Americano,
Is more than the Commanding General knew,
Or the rest of his commando.*

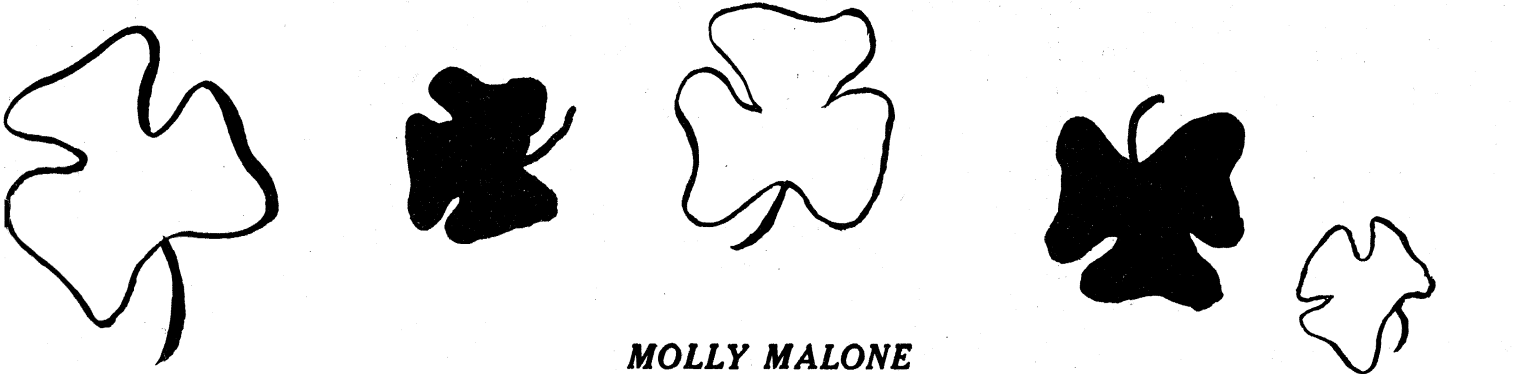
(REPEAT CHORUS)



*AND NOW,
ALL TOGETHER,
ON*







MOLLY MALONE

*In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheel'd her wheelbarrow thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive, O!"*

(CHORUS)

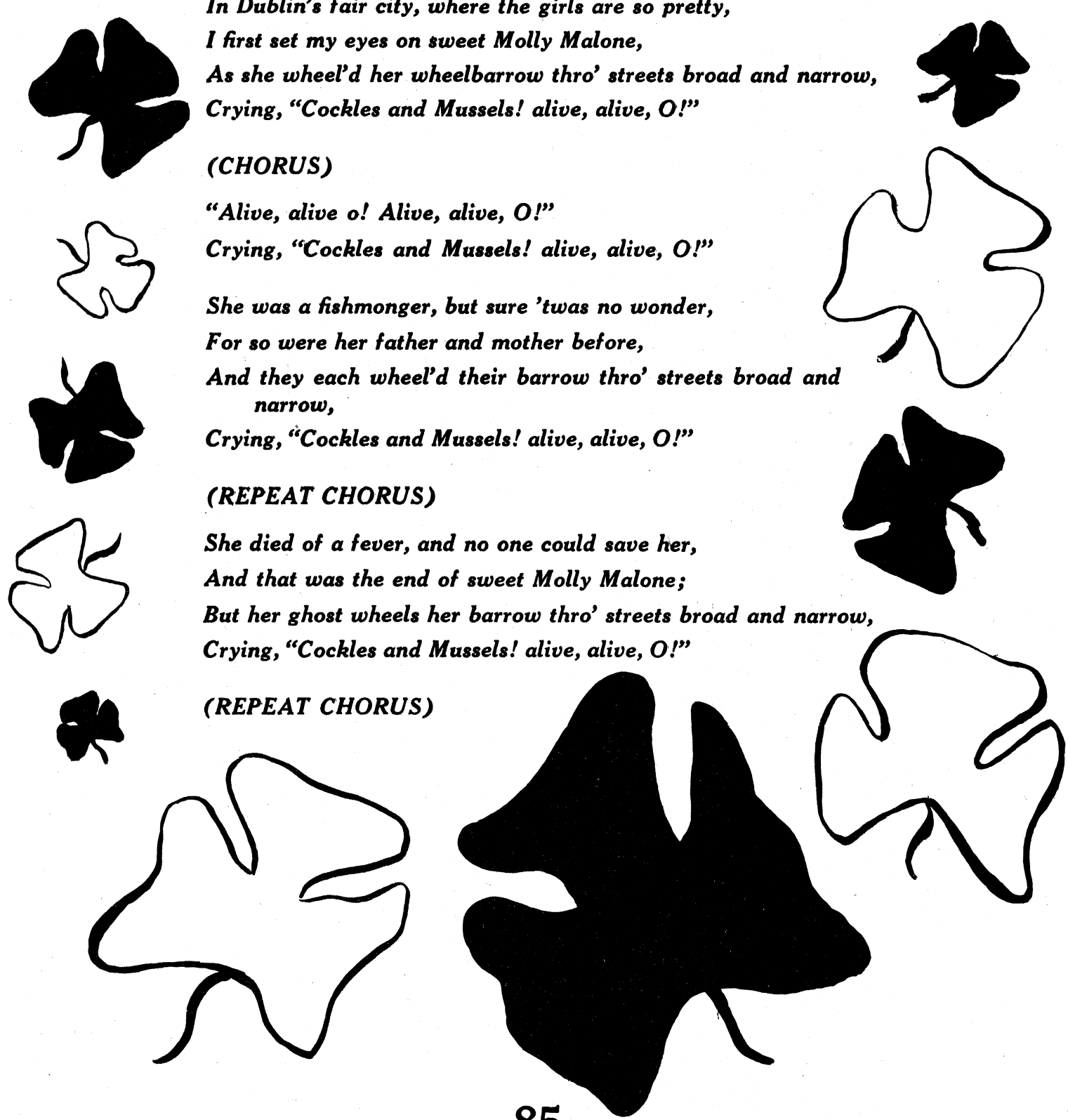
*"Alive, alive o! Alive, alive, O!"
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive, O!"*

*She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheel'd their barrow thro' streets broad and
narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive, O!"*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

*She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
But her ghost wheels her barrow thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive, O!"*

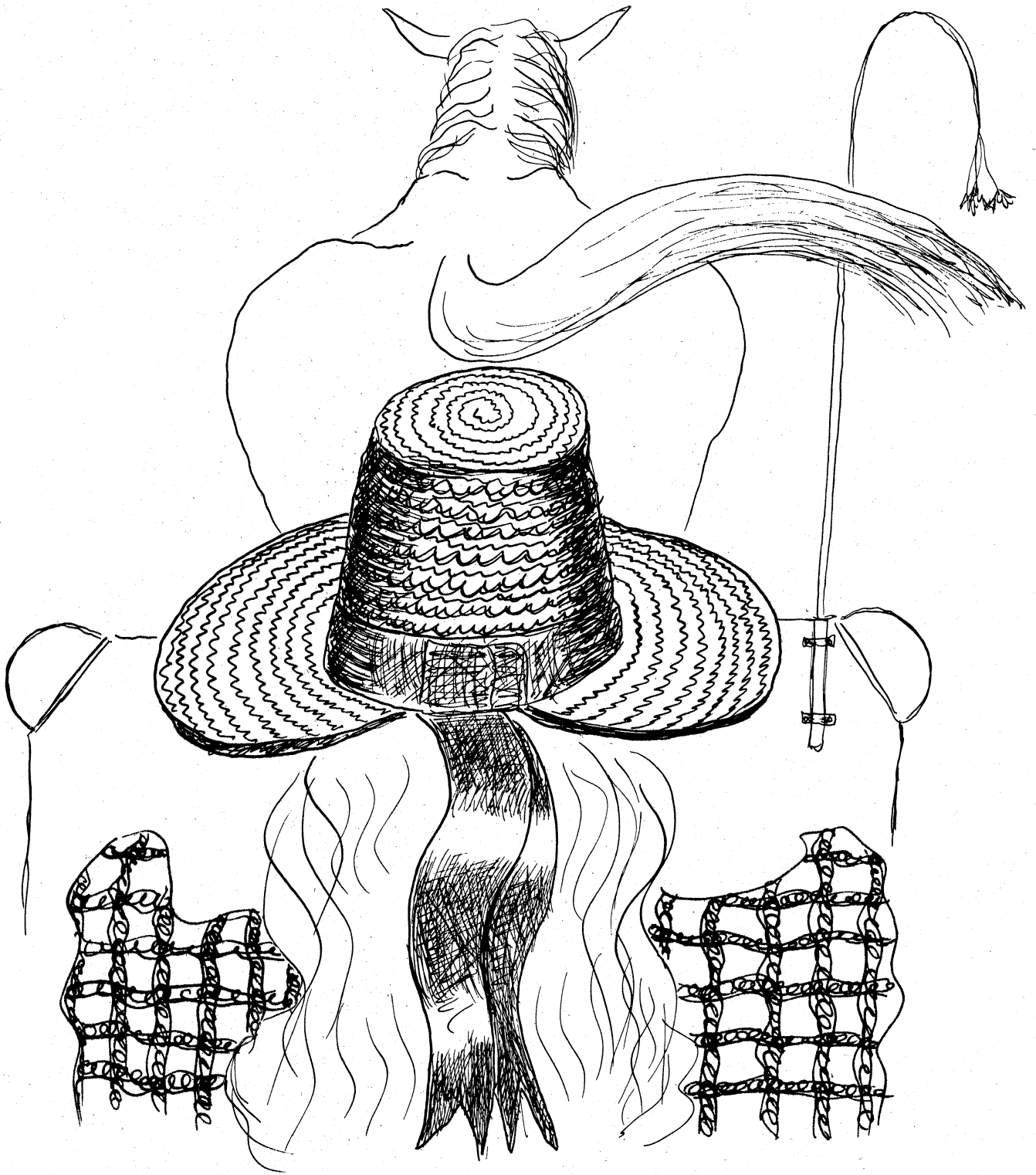
(REPEAT CHORUS)



HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

*How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm,
After they've seen Paree?
How ya gonna keep 'em away from Broadway?
Jazzin' aroun' and paintin' the town?
How you gonna keep 'em from harm?
That's a mystery.
They'll never want to see a rake or plow,
And who the hell can parley-vous a cow?
How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm,
After they've seen Paree.*

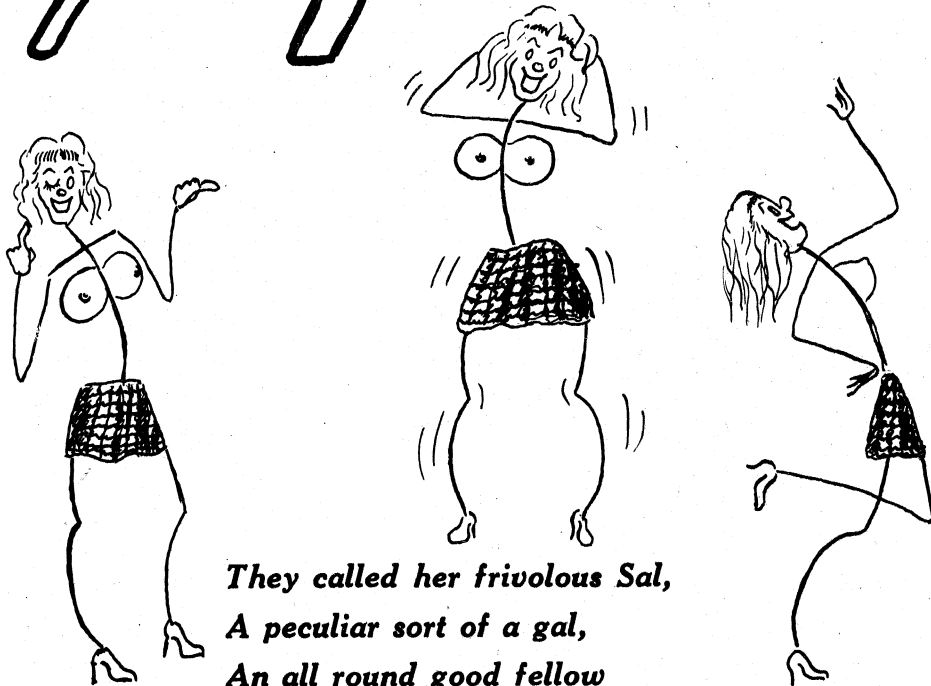




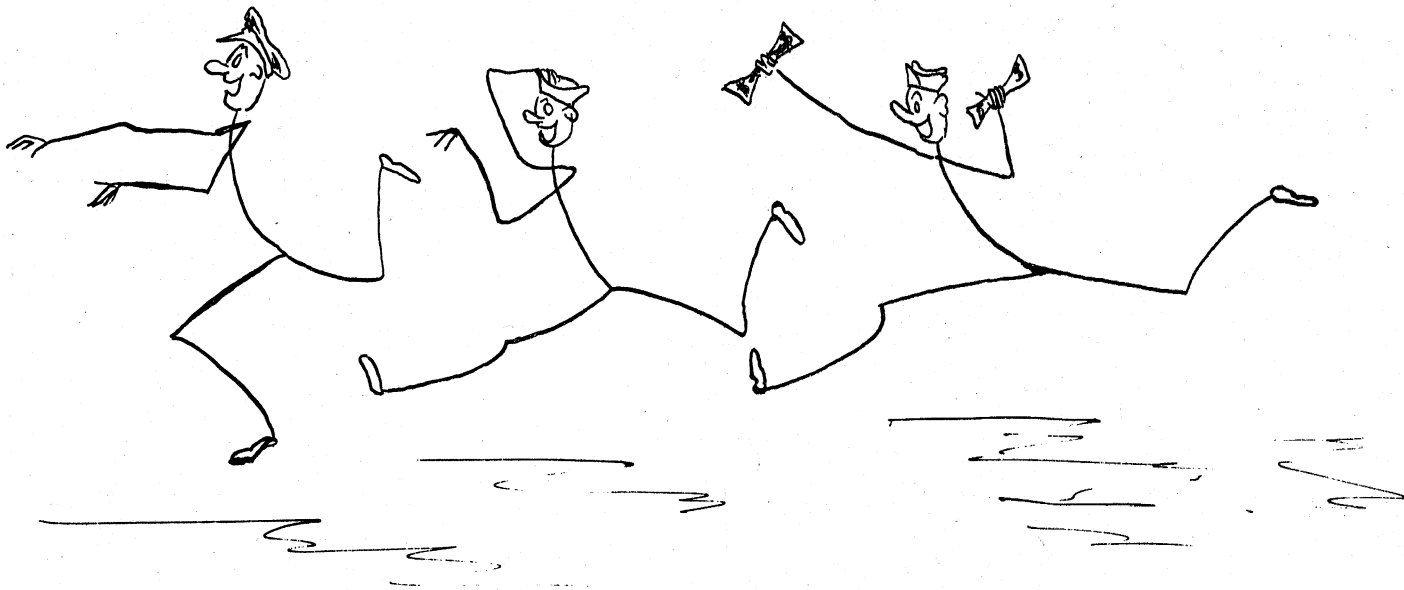
PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET

*Put on your old grey bonnet
With the blue ribbons on it,
While I hitch old dobbin to the shay,
And we'll drive to Dover thro' the fields of clover,
On our golden wedding day.*


My Gal Sal



*They called her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal,
An all round good fellow
But dead on the level was my old pal;
Your troubles and sorrows and cares
She was always willing to share,
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level
Was my gal Sal.*



Roll 'em Girls



*Roll 'em girls, roll 'em, go ahead and roll 'em,
Roll 'em down and show your pretty knees.
Roll 'em girls, roll 'em, everybody roll 'em,
Roll 'em high or low, just as you please.
Don't let people tell you that it's shocking,
Paint your sweetie's picture on your stocking,
Laugh at Ma, laugh at Pa,
Give them all the ha! ha!
Roll 'em girlies, roll 'em, roll your own.*



MAN

or

THE BARITONE'S REVENGE

*By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to
Mandalay!"*

*Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!*

*'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat jes' the same as Theebaw's queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:*

*Bloomin' idol made a' mud . . .
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd,
Plucky lot she cared for idols when
I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay, et cetera.*

*When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin'
slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-lo-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek again my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.*

MANDALAY

Elephants a-pilin' leaf
In the sludgy, squaggy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy
you was 'af' afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shoved behind me, long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soger tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin'
else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlie smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm trees an'
the tinkly temple bells!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

I'm sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin' stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids' outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and . . .
Law! wot do they understand?
I've neater, sweeter maiden in a
cleaner greener land!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like
the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise
a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be . . .
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea . . .

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flutilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings
when we went to Mandalay,
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'cross the Bay!

MOONLIGHT BAY

*We were sailing along
On Moonlight Bay,
I could hear the darkies singing;
They seemed to say:
"You have stolen my heart,
"Now don't go away,"
As we sang love's old sweet
Song on Moonlight Bay.*





I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

*I've got six-pence—jolly, jolly six-pence,
I've got six-pence to last me all my life.
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend,
And tuppence to send home to my wife.*

*No cares have I to grieve me,
No pretty little girls to deceive me,
I'm happy as a lark, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.*

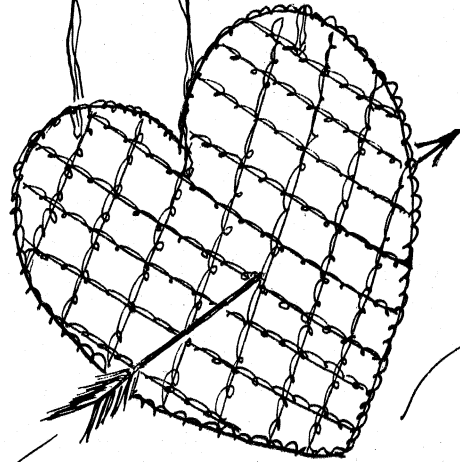
(CHORUS)

*Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon;
Happy is the day, when the Navy gets its pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.*

DEAR OLD GIRL

(VERSE)

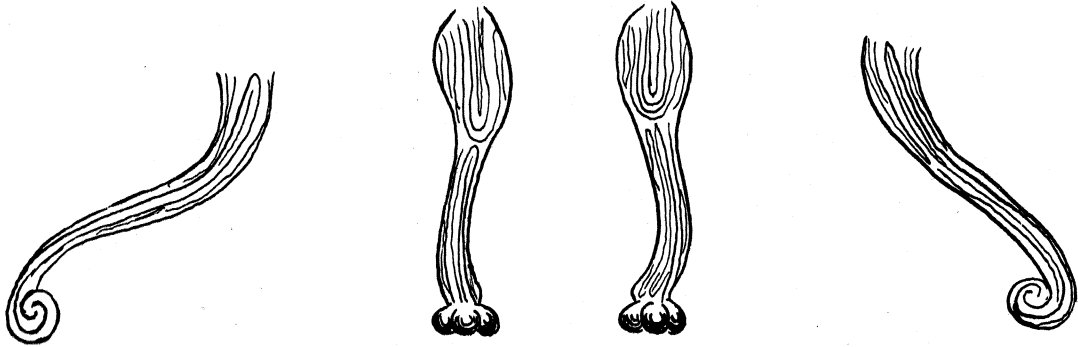
*'Twas a sunny day in June
When the birds were all in tune
And the songs they sang all seemed
to be of you.
And the words I came to speak
Brought blushes to your cheeks
As you whispered "Yes," and fondly
kissed me too.
I could see the love light shine
In your bright eyes, sweetheart mine
When the preacher said the word that
made us one.
And you have been a faithful wife
in the changing scenes of life
Until the Master said "Your work on
earth is done."*



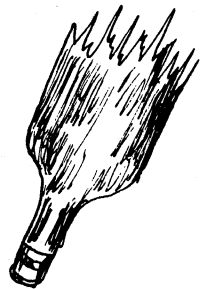
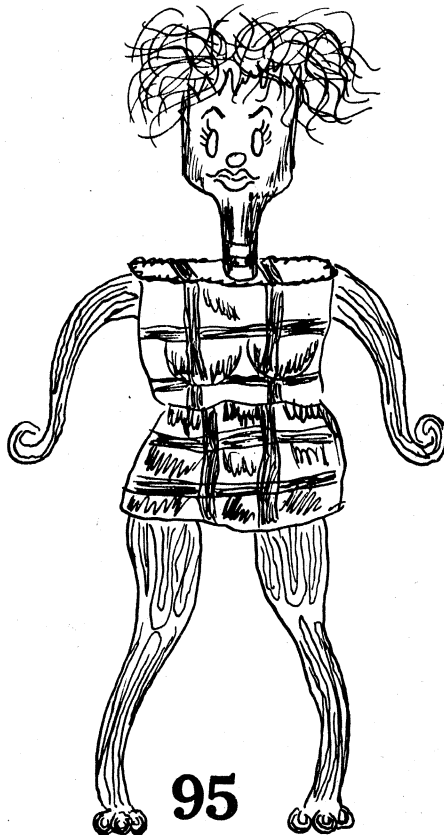
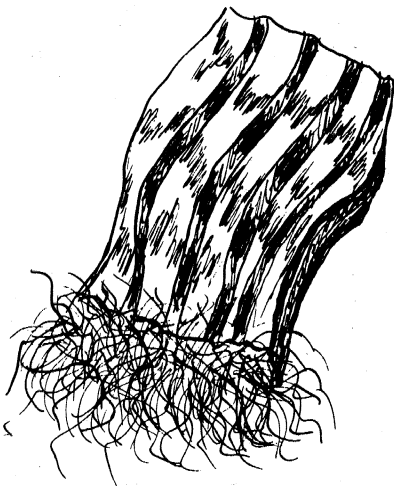
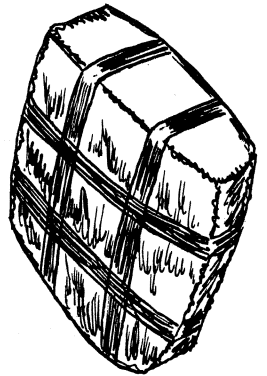
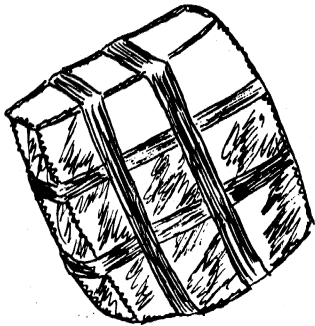
(CHORUS)

*Dear old girl, the robin sings above you.
Dear old girl, it sings of how I love you,
The blinding tears are falling as I think
of my lost pearl
And my broken heart is calling,
Calling for you, dear old girl.*

I'll Take The Leg From Off The Table



*I'll take the leg from off the table,
I'll take an arm from off a chair,
I'll take the body from the davenport,
And from the mattress get the hair.
I'll take the neck from off a bottle,
And then I bet you when I'm through,
I'll get a lot more loving
From that goddam dummy
Than I ever got from you.*



ABDULLAH BUL-BUL

*Oh the sons of the prophet were valiant and brave
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the shah
Was Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.*

*When they needed a man to encourage the van
Or harass the foe from the rear,
Or storm a redoubt, they had only to shout
For Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.*

*There are men of renown and well known to fame
In the army that's led by the czar,
But the best known of all was a man by the name
Of Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.*

*He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool,
And strum on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.*

*One day this bold Russian he shouldered his gun
And with his most truculent sneer,
Was looking for fun when he happened to run
Upon Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.*

*"Young man," said Bul-Bul, "is existence so dull
That you're anxious to end your career?
For, infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."*

*Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end
Will avail you but little, I fear,
For you never will survive to repeat them alive,
"Mr. Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."*

L-BUL AMIR

*"O, take one last look at this cool shady nook,
"And send your regrets to the czar,
"By which I imply you are going to die,
"Mr. Ivan Petrovsky Skivar."*

*Then this haughty Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,
And shouting, "Allah Akbar,"
And on murder bent he ferociously went
For Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.*

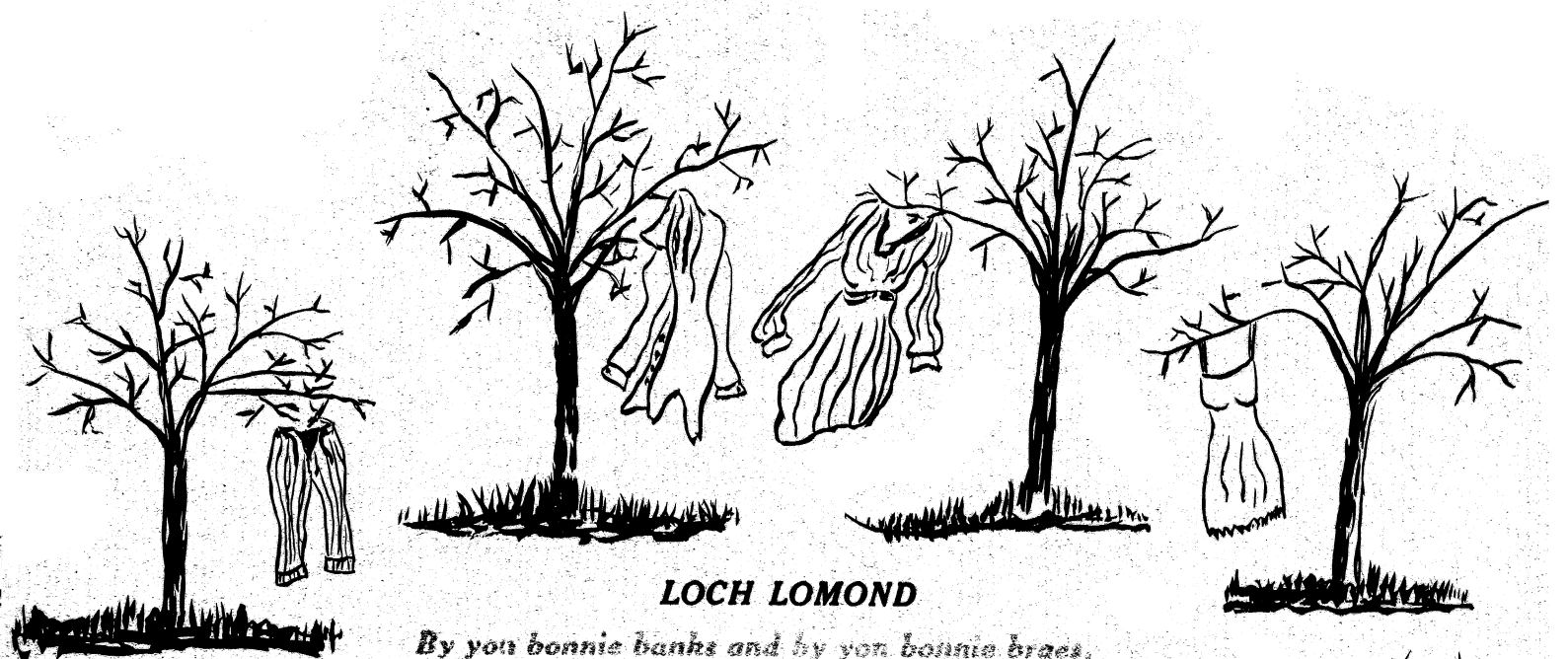
*As Abdullah's long knife was extracting the life,
In fact, as he shouted "Huzzah,"
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck,
Count Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.*

*The Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.*

*Czar Petrovitch too, in his uniform blue,
Rode up in his new crested car;
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.*

*On a stone by the banks where the Danube doth roll,
Engraved in characters clear,
Is "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul
"Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."*

*A Muscovite maid her long vigil doth keep,
Alone 'neath the cold northern star,
And the name that she murmurs in vain as she weeps
Is "Ivan Petrovsky Skivar."*

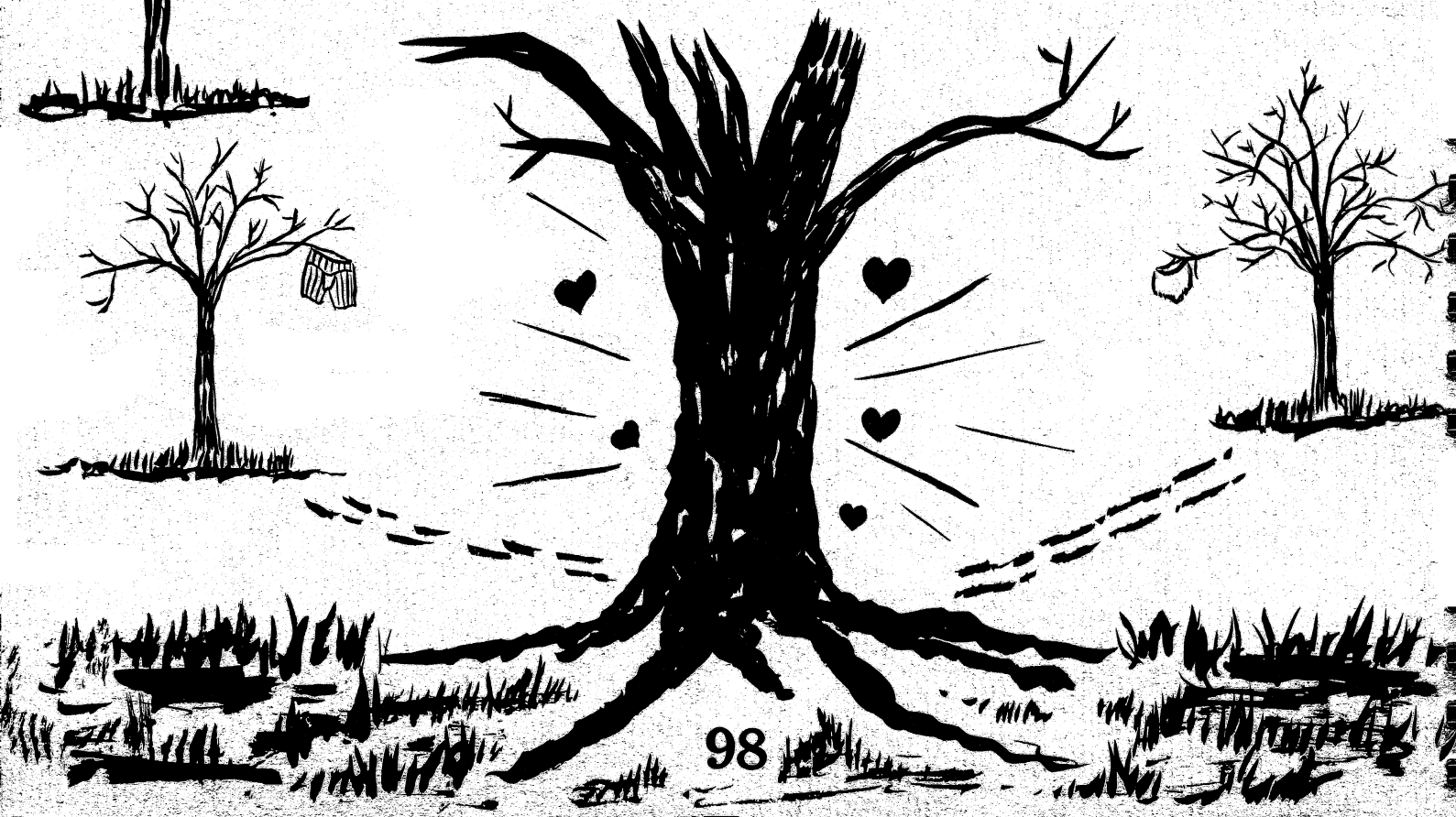
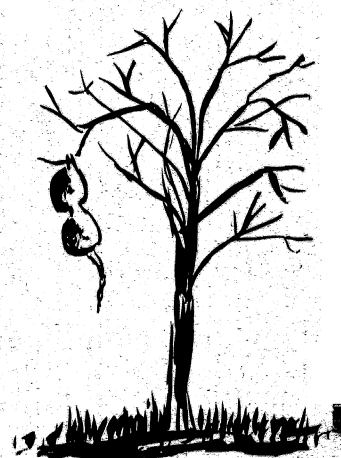
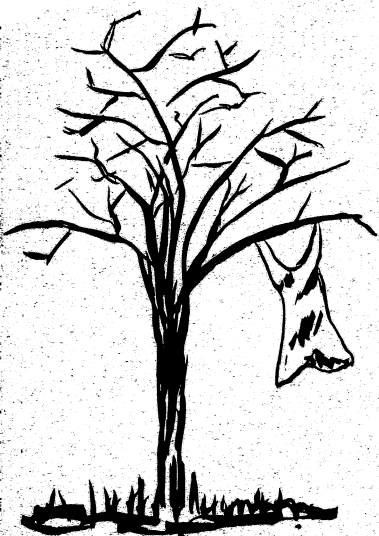


LOCH LOMOND

*By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont and gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.*

(CHORUS)

*Oh, ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.*



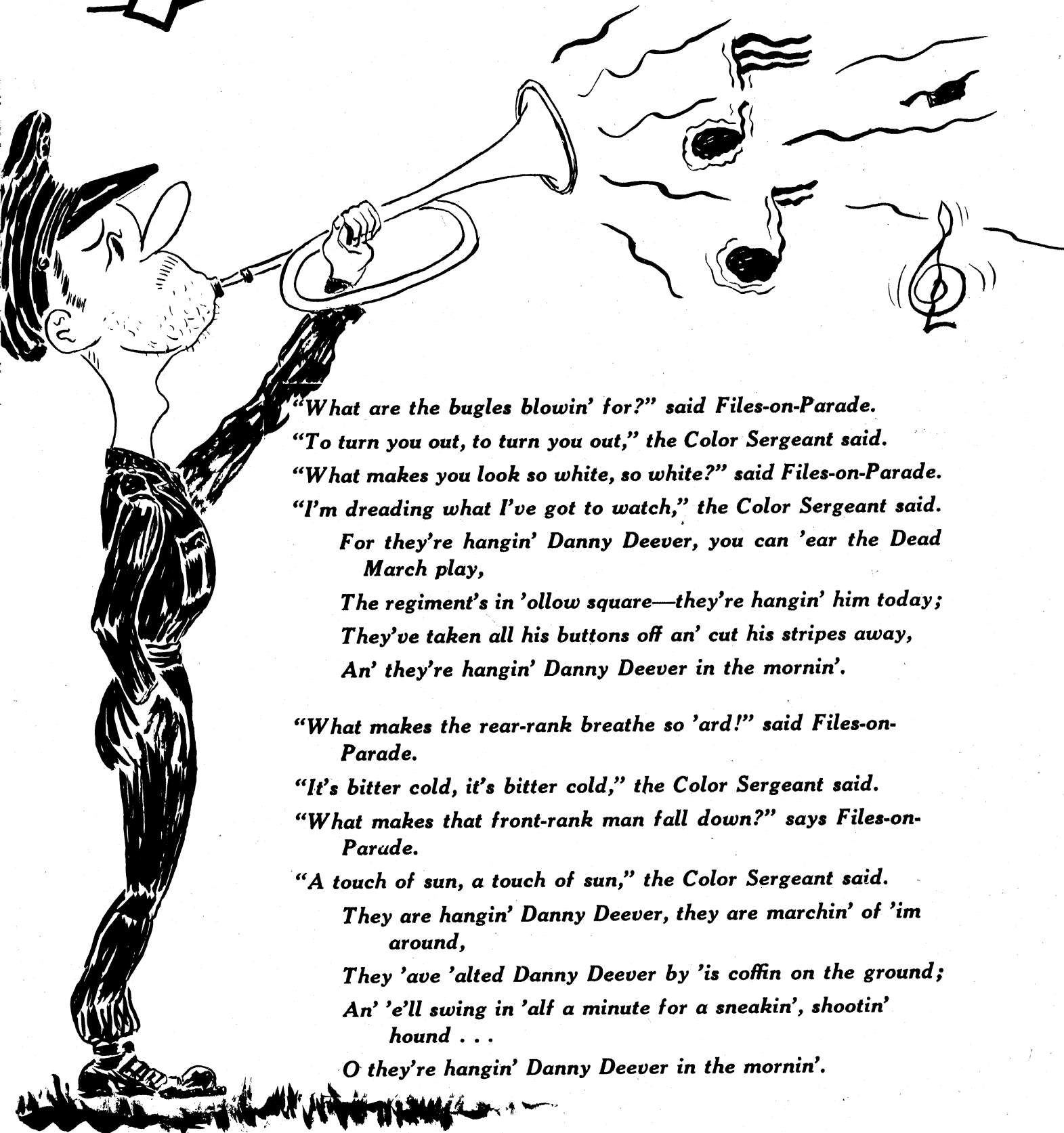


*I'm looking for Titina, Titina, my Titina,
I've searched from Palestina, to London and Peru.*

*I'll die without Titina,
I can't eat my farina,
I don't want Rose or Lena,
Titina, I want you.*

T
I
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A

DANNY . . .



"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreading what I've got to watch," the Color Sergeant said.

*For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead
March play,*

The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him today;

They've taken all his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard!" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color Sergeant said.

*They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im
around,*

They 'ave 'altd Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;

*An' 'e'll swing in 'alf a minute for a sneakin', shootin'
hound . . .*

O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

DEEVERS

"Is cot was right 'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

"E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im in the face;

*Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.*

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over 'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

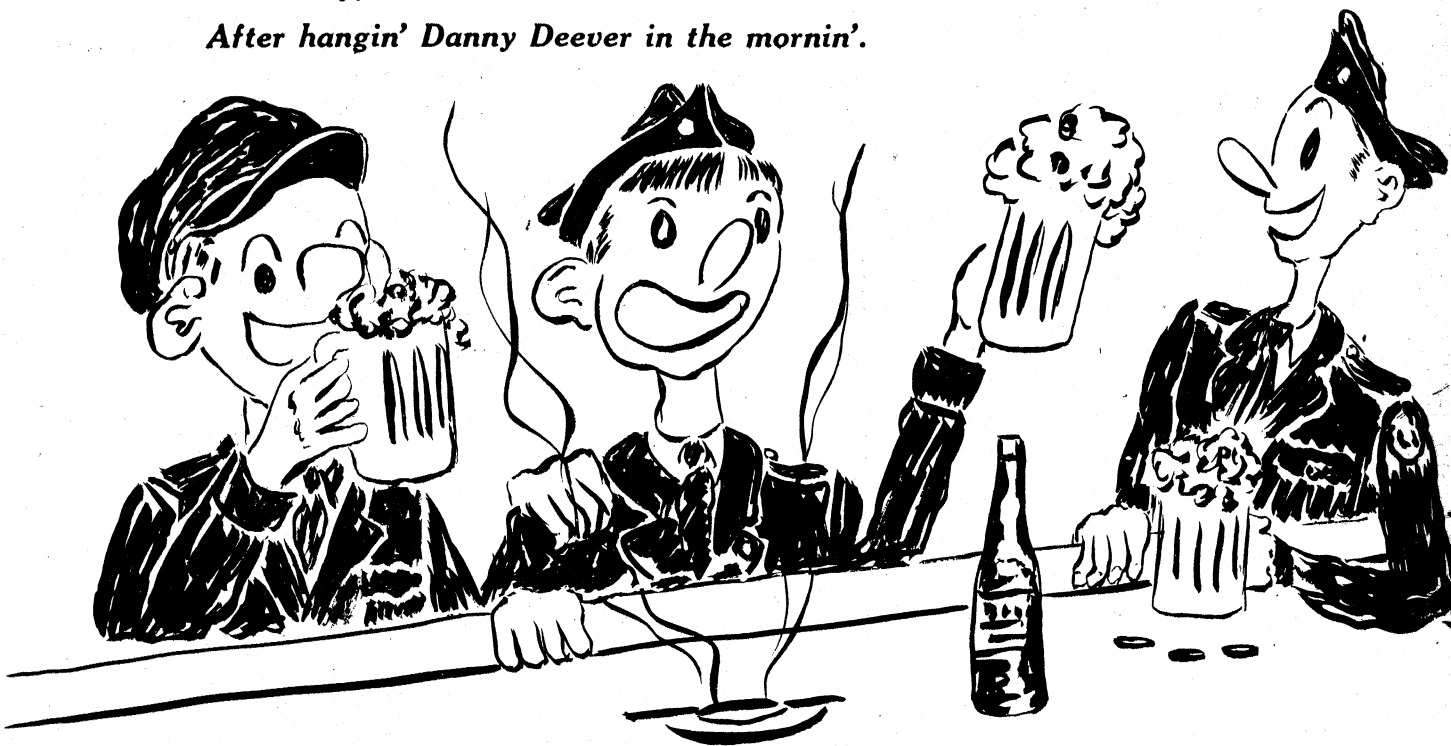
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color Sergeant said.

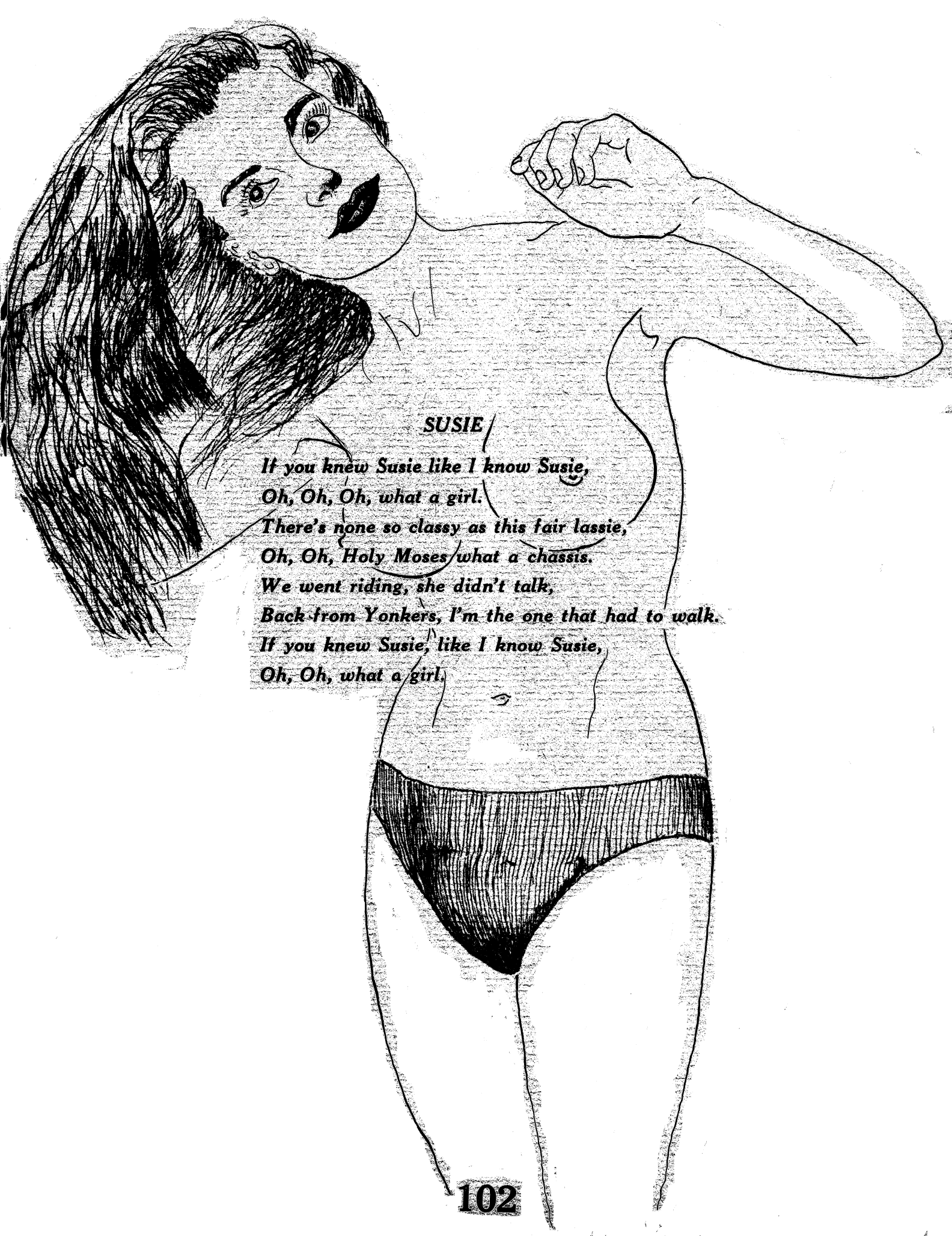
*For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quick-
step play,*

The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;

*Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer
today,*

After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.





SUSIE

*If you knew Susie like I know Susie,
Oh, Oh, Oh, what a girl.*

*There's none so classy as this fair lassie,
Oh, Oh, Holy Moses what a chassis.*

We went riding, she didn't talk,

Back from Yonkers, I'm the one that had to walk.

*If you knew Susie, like I know Susie,
Oh, Oh, what a girl.*

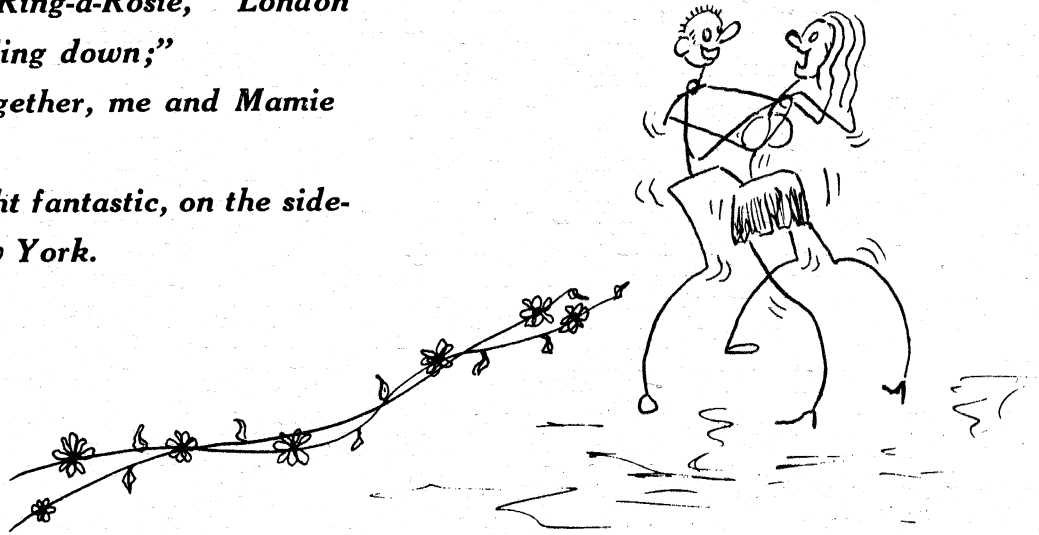
WHO'S SORRY NOW?

*Who's sorry now? Who's sorry now?
Whose heart is aching for breaking each vow?
Who's sad and blue? Who's crying too?
Just like I cried over you.*

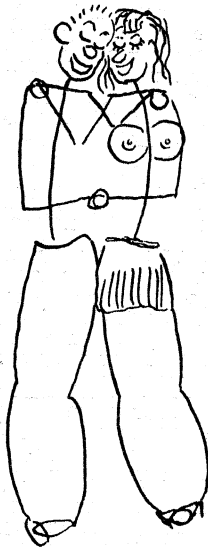
*Right to the end,
Just like a friend,
I tried to warn you somehow.
You had your way,
Now you must pay;
I'm glad that you're sorry now.*

M E D

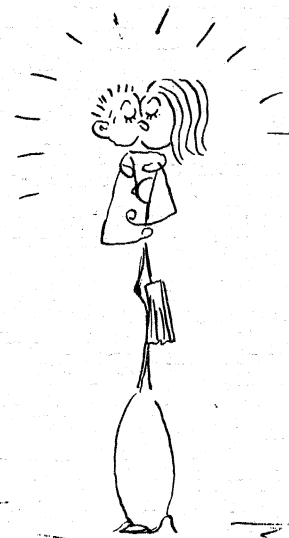
*Eastside, Westside, all around the town,
The tots sang "Ring-a-Rosie," "London
Bridge is falling down;"
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie
O'Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic, on the side-
walks of New York.*



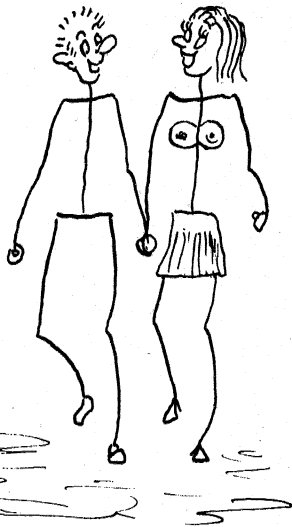
*She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe.
Soon we'll marry, never to part;
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.*



*Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little rose,
She's my steady lady,
Most everyone knows.
And when we are married,
How happy we'll be;
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.*

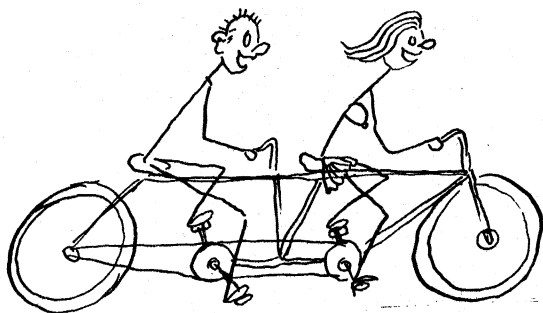


LEY



*In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling down the shady lane with your
sweetheart mine;
She holds your hands and you hold hers,
And that's a very good sign
That's she's your tootsie-wootsie
In the good old summer time.*

*The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
They say such things, and they do such things
On the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
I'll never go there any more!*



*Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet,
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!*

WALTZING MATILDA

*Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong
Under the shade of a koolabah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled:
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

(CHORUS)

*Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me,
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled:
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

*Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee,
And he sang as he tucked that jumbuck in his tuckerbag:
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

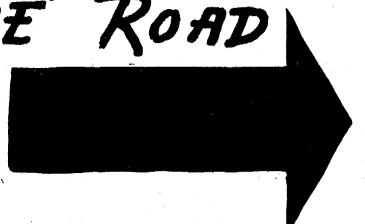
*Down came the stockman riding on his thorobred,
Down came the troopers—One, two, three!
Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

*Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong.
You'll never catch me alive, said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you walk beside the billabong:
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

**AND FINALLY, NOT ONE
BUT THREE ...
FOR THE ROAD**

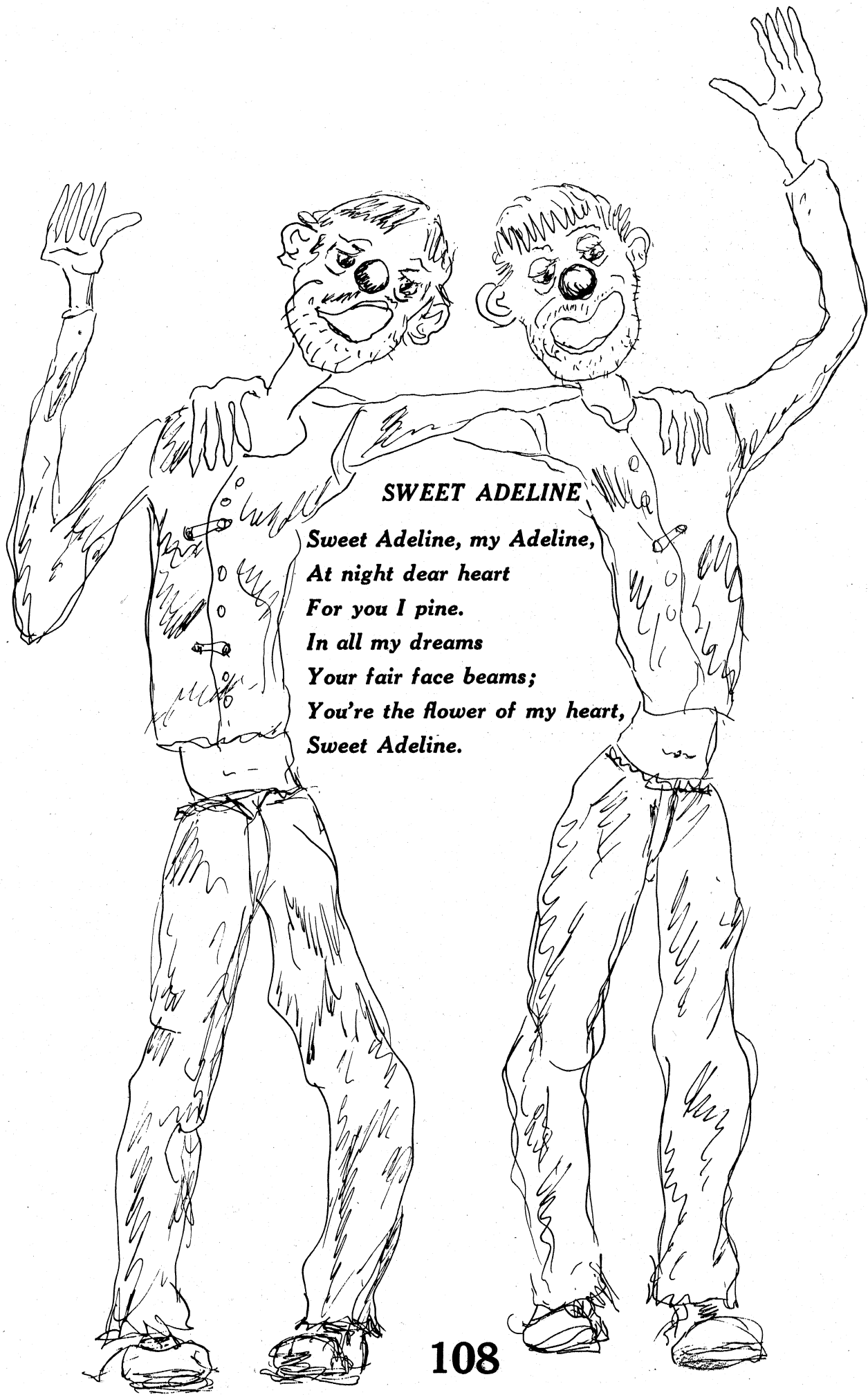


You're a Grand Old Flag



*You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag,
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.*

*Every heart beats true,
Under red, white and blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eyes on the Grand Old Flag.*



SWEET ADELINE

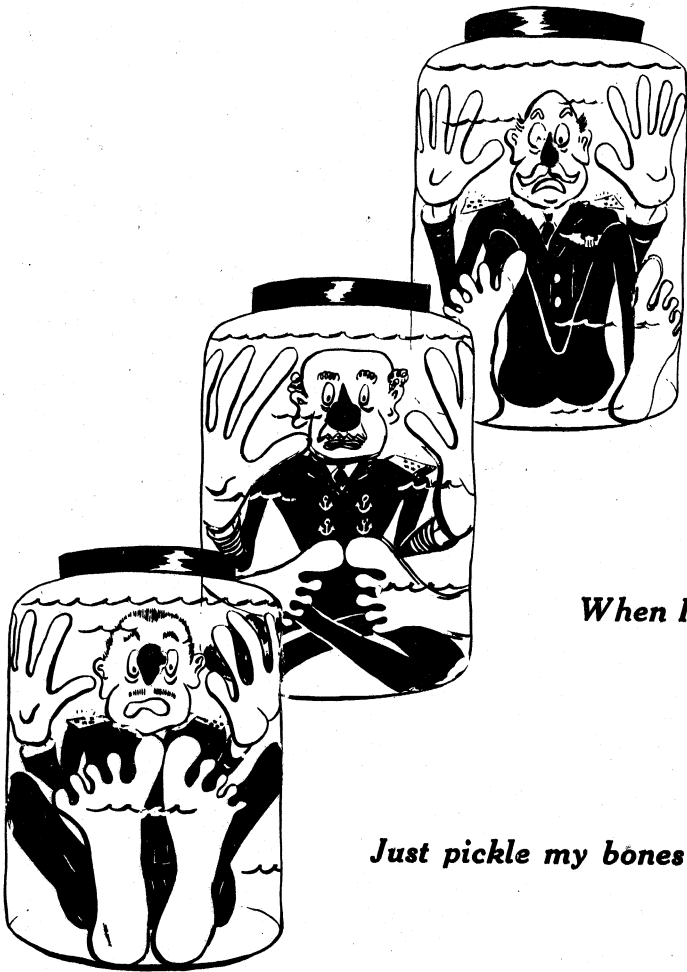
*Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,
At night dear heart
For you I pine.
In all my dreams
Your fair face beams;
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline.*

ALOHA-OE

*Now our golden days are at an end;
The parting hour is coming soon,
And we think while swift the moments pass,
How delightful has been our friendship's boon.*

*Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Our golden days are coming to an end;
But we will hope for brighter days to come,
When friend shall meet with friend.*

*Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Thou charming one who dwells in shaded bowers
One fond embrace, e'er I depart,
Until we meet again.*

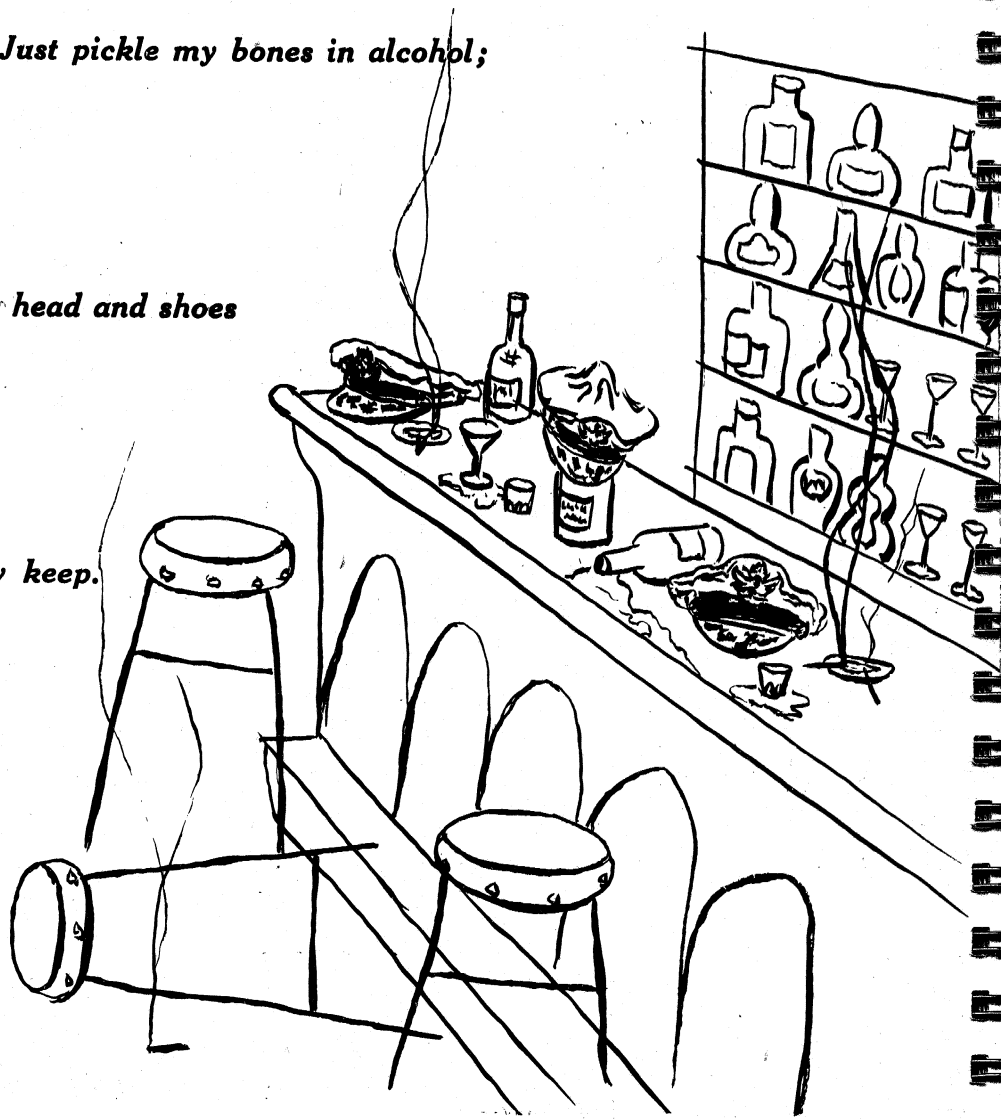


When I die, don't bury me at all,

Just pickle my bones in alcohol;

A scuttle of booze at my head and shoes

And then my bones will surely keep.





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